

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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## THE GREAT WAR DEBT MIRACLE

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### OUT OF THE DEEP WATERS

#### THEY CALLED UNTO THE LORD

#### How Petty-Officer Willis Joined the Long Line of Heroes

#### WAITING FOR THE DOOR OF LIFE TO OPEN

When the submarine Poseidon sank in Chinese waters a wave of sorrow and pity swept through every heart at the thought of the loss of the lives of brave men in so hopeless a disaster.

It was relieved a little by the cabled news that a few lives had been saved.

Behind that first short announcement lay a story of courage, hope, and faith which transforms what seemed at first only one more of those unredeemed calamities with which the history of submarines is strewn into an example of heroism to be for ever cherished.

#### In the Moment of Peril

None but sailors can guess at the chill of imminent peril which seizes the bravest heart when the men on a submarine realise that their steel box has come into collision. The injury may be beyond repair. The chill thought of this must have possessed the men of the Poseidon when their vessel was sinking.

But in the mind of one man fear was overpowered and conquered by a calm fortitude and a resolution to do whatever in him lay to avert disaster. The man was Petty-Officer Patrick Henry Willis, the torpedo gunner's mate.

When the collision occurred the order "Close Watertight Doors" rang automatically through the submarine. Petty-Officer Willis took charge of the men in the forepart of the vessel and assisted in the immediate carrying-out of the order, which was made more difficult by the buckling of the nearest bulkhead.

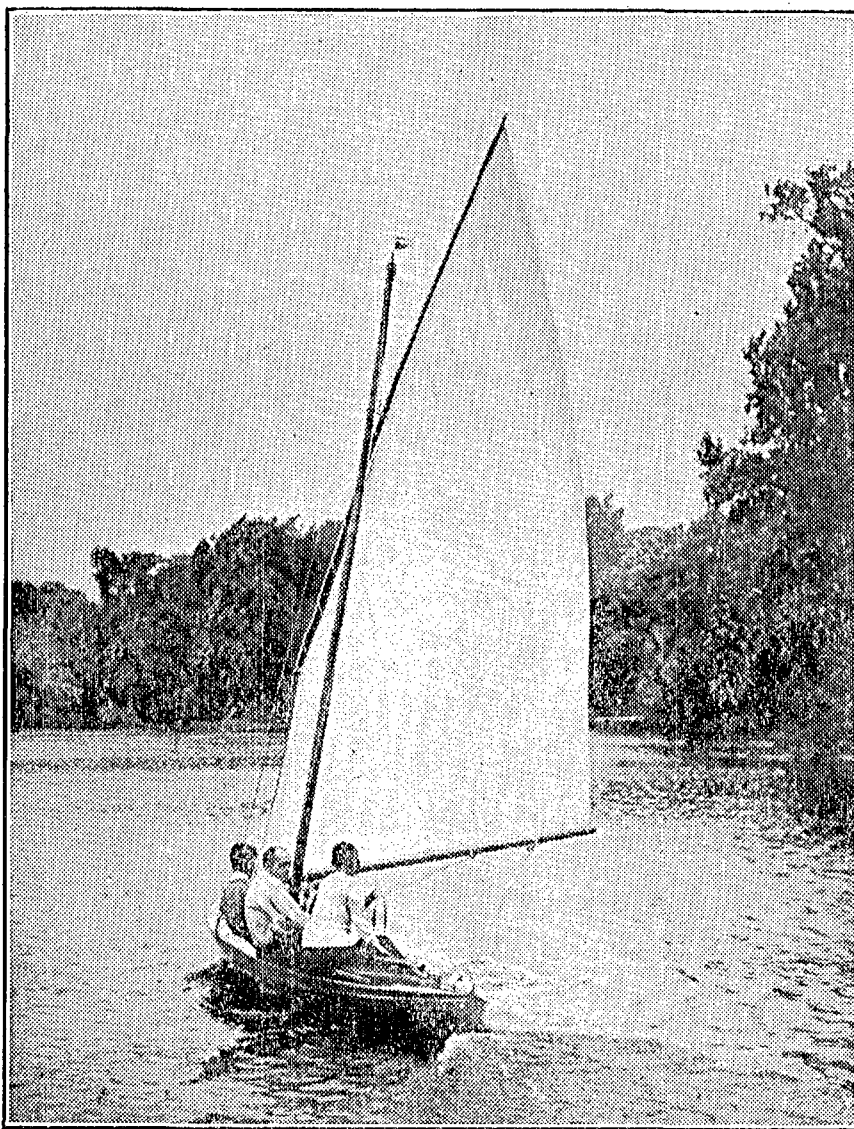
There was no light by which they could see what they were doing except the gleam of an electric torch, which had to be used sparingly. As they laboured at the door the ship lurched and sank. But they succeeded in closing the door.

#### Prayer Before Action

It was to the thinking mind of the gunner's mate a desperate situation, but into his heart stole another thought. He said prayers for himself and his companions in peril. Then, thus fortified, he bade them put on the escape apparatus with which in favouring circumstances imprisoned men can slip through the safety hatches of a submarine and shoot upward to the surface.

He made sure all his companions knew how to put on their safety suits, and explained to them the procedure of escape. First the pressure inside has to be brought nearer equality with that of the water outside, so that the

### In a London Park



The joys of yachting are now possible in Regent's Park, permission to use sailing boats on the lake having at last been granted after numerous applications extending over 27 years.

hatch can be opened. He therefore partially flooded the compartment, telling off each man to his station.

Some took charge of the flooding valves. Others helped Willis to rig up a wire hawser on which to stand while the compartment flooded.

Two hours and ten minutes went by in the darkness. The torchlight flashed now and again on the face of the rising flood. A seaman whispered to Willis that his oxygen flask was exhausted. He was wrong, Willis told him. Oxygen flasks often ceased to bubble. His own had done so. It was all right.

The water crept up to the men's knees. Now was the time, Willis said, and ordered two men to get ready while others struggled to open the hatch. It was done, and two of the men, Lovock and Holt, escaped through the opening and shot up to the surface.

But the outside pressure shut the hatch again; and again the survivors waited in the darkness. They waited for an hour, and the flood rose up to their necks. The air was choking. But the pressure was equalising again and Willis said it was now or never.

They got the hatch open and through it came the remaining four—Clarke, Nagle, Willis himself, and the Chinese boy whom in the hours of waiting Nagle had instructed what to do. They rose to the surface exhausted. They were picked up.

It was to Willis, their leader and commander, that they gave their highest praise, but something of his spirit passed into those other brave seamen who followed his orders as simply as if they had been on deck, and were saved with him.

The story has been told in Parliament, and Willis has been honoured by the appreciation of the Admiralty and the admiration of the nation. But he himself bothers little about it all. He wrote home to his wife and told her that they had been in the submarine four hours when it sunk, but that the men did what he told them, and they were saved. That was all.

It was left for others to put Petty-Officer Willis on the Roll of Fame, one with that long line of heroes whose spirit keeps alive the heart of man through all kinds of peril and adversity.

### THE DANCE OF PEACE AT KIEL

#### Jack Tar and Fritz Shake Hands

#### FRIENDS AGAIN

Kiel has been transformed into a stronghold of friends, not of enemies.

In one evening British and German sailors removed mountains of difficulty from the way of a complete reconciliation between their two nations. They have given a great help forward to Peace which is not of the out-of-date piccrust kind, made to be broken, but Peace of the enduring kind.

When two British cruisers, the Norfolk and the Dorsetshire, visited Kiel a few days ago they were given a tremendous reception by the German sailors. A stranger would have thought it was a meeting between old friends instead of old foes, so warm and generous was the welcome given and so delighted were the seamen of each nationality to forget old differences and to shake hands and be friends again.

#### A Gay Scene

Eighty British sailors were given shore leave, and they had no sooner landed than they were beset with invitations to a series of parties.

The amusing attempts of Fritz and Jack Tar to make themselves understood only helped to make quicker friendships. The visitors were introduced to the wives and daughters and sweethearts of the German seamen, and soon nearly every restaurant was filled with dancing sailors, British and German, and a large number of their friends.

The scene is described as one of much gaiety. Bands played and there was a constant roar of singing, for English and German tunes were played in turn. At last it grew so late that one by one the cafés closed; but what did that matter? Musicians and dancers simply moved to the quays, and there dancing went on until seven in the morning, when the British sailors had to return to their ships.

Later in the day there was a football match, won by the Germans, while the British sailors came in first and second in a ship's boat race.

Some of the officers of the British cruisers went to a regatta ball at the Kiel Yacht Club.

British and German officers who had met under grim circumstances during the war were greatly interested to meet again in happier times and talk over their experiences.

#### THE FLOWERING YEW

There is a strange and beautiful sight in the Buckinghamshire churchyard of Chesham Bois.

A rose tree has grafted itself into a yew, and the dark foliage is lighted up resplendently with hundreds of roses.



## THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER OF ARLINGTON

### COMPLETING HIS TOMB

Impressive Memorial at  
America's Sacred Shrine

### THE LONG BEECH AVENUE

So many war memorials have been put up in haste and repented of at leisure that the Americans wisely delayed choosing the design for the tomb of their Unknown Soldier. Only this year a permanent memorial is being put up over the simple stone which has till now marked the grave at Arlington.

It was the opinion of the National Commission of Fine Arts that something higher and more enduring than mere incidents of fighting or the costumes of fighting men was needed to express the spirit the tomb was meant to represent. The Unknown Soldier has come to mean more than the epitome of those dead who were never identified. He stands for every man who died in the war to end war, for all the sacrifice of those terrible years.

#### Valour, Victory, and Peace

Design after design was sent in. Some were too elaborate and some too realistic; all were rejected. At last a national competition was held, for Congress had voted \$10,000 for the building of the tomb. From more than 70 designs sent in one was at last chosen for its beauty, restraint, and dignity. It was the joint design of a sculptor and an architect, Mr T. H. Jones and Mr Lorimer Rich, who both served in the war.

The tomb is to be of white marble from Colorado. On the front panel, facing Washington, the three figures of Valour, Victory, and Peace are carved as a memorial of the spirit of the Allies. Peace is shown handing the palm branch to reward Devotion and Sacrifice.

#### Money Well Spent

Usually one of the most impressive features of a great shrine is its isolation from other buildings, but the position of this grave, directly in front of the vast amphitheatre at Arlington, has made the designing of the tomb and the approach particularly difficult. Here it was that Congress came to the rescue and voted \$83,000 for the approach.

The money is being well spent. A long roadway has been made which is actually an extension of the road leading from the Capitol at Washington. On each side are beech hedges 30 feet high and 500 feet long. These lines and the two stone walks, which are separated by a long lawn, lead the eye straight up the slope to the tomb at the far end.

Arlington is naturally a beautiful place, and the marble of the amphitheatre makes a fine background for what will be one of the most inspiring of all memorials of the Peace.

#### Dignity and Calm

Everything possible has been thought out so that nothing shall spoil the atmosphere of grandeur and solemnity. The architect has aimed at securing dignity and calm in the surroundings as a suitable preparation to the sacred precinct of the tomb itself. At the foot of the slope he has designed a parking place for hundreds of cars hidden from the view of the tomb. We can hardly imagine that a Litter Lout will ever dare to show his face in this place.

Arlington has long been famous for its beauty. Early last century the adopted son of George Washington chose a site here for a large house. Robert E. Lee was married there a hundred years ago, and made his home at Arlington. Next year is the 200th anniversary of the birth of Washington, and countless thousands of people will visit Arlington. They will find the Unknown Soldier sleeping in his new tomb, and so impressive a sight will be eloquent in its meaning to all those who pass by.

## NOTHING HIGHER BUT GOD

### A HERMITAGE IN THE MOUNTAINS

How the Guides Carried Their  
House Up the Hill

### THE GOOD TURN RETURNED

More news comes to us from the mountain home of the Polish Guides.

The C.N. described the building of their headquarters some years ago, and now we hear that a new house has been added. It is called the Hermitage, and it is as a hermitage that it has been built, a quiet place for rest and meditation, where one can be alone for a day or two, away from the crowd, with time to think and feel and seek new strength and inspiration. Carved on one of the beams of this house are the words

*There is nothing higher but God.*

When this ideal place for a hermitage was found, twenty minutes away from the main building, there was no road to it and the slope was steep and high. People came to see it and shook their heads. It is impossible to build here, they said. Yet the house is now finished; these Polish Guides did not know the meaning of Impossible.

#### How the House Was Built

They found good stone for the foundations in some rocks near by. The great timbers for the walls were carried up the hill by the local hillmen, some of whom had belonged in their youth to a Scout troop and so considered themselves part of the family. Planks and bricks were carried up by the Guides themselves, with the young Cubs and Brownies in charge of all the nails and the wooden tiles for the roof.

Everything had to be carried up by hand, and very proud the small ones were at being allowed to lend a hand in such important work. One little fellow of seven was asked if he knew the way to the Hermitage. "Why, I built it!" was his lordly answer. Even the landlord from a neighbouring estate came to help. He mixed sand and mortar in a most elegant way.

#### Effect of a Good Example

The building of this Hermitage was a proof that there is no better way of teaching people than by a good example. For years past the Guides had helped their neighbours through difficult times; now everyone around was eager to do something to help them. The workmen were paid by the day, but they saw that their day began at five in the morning and did not end till dusk. "Let this be our good turn to you," they would say.

So the house grew rapidly, till at last the roof was on. It was a moment to be celebrated, and a sports day was arranged for all who had helped in the building. It was a merry day, with competitions, races, and target-shooting, and many prizes. In the evening the young people took part in some of their strenuous but beautiful folk dances to gay music played by the hillmen on their home-made instruments. If a string snapped it was quickly mended with a big knot, and the tune went on.

#### A Place of Enchantment

The doors of the Hermitage are now open, and although the house stands far away from any other dwelling one is never lonely there. Visitors come in plenty. Deer and hares come to graze below the verandah, badgers come right up to the house, and little red squirrels bombard with fir cones the hermit who tries to take a nap under a tree. An old stag sometimes pays a visit, but looks indignantly on this human shelter which has sprung up in his territory.

It is a place of enchantment. Only very rarely a noise is heard high up in the heavens, and an aeroplane comes over as a reminder that we are living in the world in the Twentieth Century.

## THE BEGGARS COME BY AEROPLANE

### The Great Doctor and the Poor Blind Couple

### THE WORLD IS VERY KIND

For years Monsieur and Madame Costa have been known in the streets of Cannes, two poor blind people who have struggled along from day to day on the sons dropped into their hands by passers-by.

Life was a dreary business for them till one day a lady gave them a few sous and then did not pass by. She stayed and talked with them, and found out something of their life and how this terrible blindness had come upon them.

It happened that her husband was a famous Paris doctor, who had already cured many cases of blindness, and when told of these two poor people he promised to do his best for them.

#### The Flight Made Possible

An operation was found necessary, and so that the doctor could attend to them it would have to be in Paris. How could this be managed? The Town Council was appealed to, but was unable to find the money for the journey. Just as it looked as if the idea would have to be put off the Director of the Air Service between Paris and Cannes offered to place two seats at their disposal in one of the company's aeroplanes.

So some days ago these two poor people from Cannes arrived in Paris by aeroplane, and we can only hope the doctor's treatment will succeed and that one day they will be able to see all their good friends.

## GOODBYE, TIME-TABLE

### Trains All the Time

For many people a journey to the seaside means an anxious search for times of trains in time-tables often worse than cross-word puzzles.

People visiting Brighton after 1933 will have little use for time-tables, for by then the popular south-coast resort will have a ten-minute service from London. The electrification of the London-to-Brighton line will make this possible. Work on the change-over from steam to electricity is proceeding rapidly, and by July next year the section from London to Three Bridges will be ready for experiments in running electric expresses.

When the entire distance of 51 miles from London to Brighton is ready two electric trains each hour will run non-stop, two will stop only at main stations, and two others will stop at every station.

Preparing the track and building new rolling-stock is providing work for 18,000 men, and the cost will be £2,700,000.

## SILENCE SAVES A LIFE

### A Rare Case in Australia

There is a man in Australia who has saved his life by holding his tongue.

He is perhaps not the first, but his was a peculiar case. He was suffering from consumption of the throat, as a result of injuries received in the war which left so many cruel legacies still to be paid.

The treatment for this affliction is to give the larynx complete rest. Even so the chances of recovery are not great, but Mr Ernest Gordon Blair is a man of resolution and character who had the will to live. He did not speak a word for 18 months, and in addition he made the sacrifice of giving up his pipe. That was imperative.

Now he is nearly his own man again, his throat nearly cured, though he can speak only in a hoarse whisper if he tries. He will probably never smoke again, but the taste for smoking has gone.

## EVERY LITTLE HELPS Guam For Peace

Guam, the island in the Pacific Ocean belonging to the United States, has quietly slipped out of the war arena.

America has abandoned this island possession as a naval base. It is an uplifting of the flag of peace which ought to be noticed.

Guam, which is shown on the World Map, is 1400 miles from the Japanese coast. San Francisco is 4500 miles and Hawaii, also American, is 3400. Anything over 3000 miles is too far for a battleship to strike. In a naval war with Japan Guam would have been the advanced base for the blow.

Japan was quite aware of this and has continually looked askance at Guam, which is not a valuable possession in peace, any more than was Heligoland in the North Sea, but might become a terrible menace in war.

It is so no longer. It was, unlike Heligoland, never fortified, but now that America has abandoned it as a naval base the Japanese can rest in their beds at night and the rest of the world can turn to its tasks more hopefully.

## PADEREWSKI AND WILSON

### Poland Has a New Statue

A statue of President Woodrow Wilson has been unveiled in Warsaw.

It is a testimony that Poland is not ungrateful to the great American statesman who pointed to the world the way to peace.

The statue is the gift of another great man, Paderewski, whom all the world knows as a genius among musicians and whom Poland knew for so short a time as its high-minded, unselfish, and patriotic Prime Minister.

Poland found another Premier, though it may never find another Paderewski, and the musician and the patriot left his country for a home in retirement in Switzerland.

From there he had planned a return to Warsaw for no other purpose than to unveil the statue which was his gift, and the occasion was looked forward to as an opportunity to set Paderewski, after much partisan and political wrangling, high in the nation's esteem, above all party clamour.

Alas! this fine chance has gone agley, for the journey could not be made because Madame Paderewski is gravely ill, but Poland will perhaps remember all the more what the giver of the statue was and is—a faithful and a loyal servant of his native land.

## HOW MANY SMALL INCOMES HAVE WE?

A very interesting statement was made by the Minister of Labour in Parliament as to the number of British people with small incomes. The Minister stated that the persons receiving wages or salaries not over £250 a year might be approximately estimated at 17 millions.

This means, of course, that by far the greater part of our people have incomes of less than £5 a week.

## THINGS SAID

I never touch alcohol.

Mr Jack Hobbs

The Peace Treaties created 7000 kilometres of new tariff frontiers and 13 new currencies.

Mr J. A. Spender

The town, like a gigantic octopus, flings ruin and destruction into the country.

Bishop of Southwark

I never remember a time when the Past was not extolled at the expense of the Present.

Lady Oxford

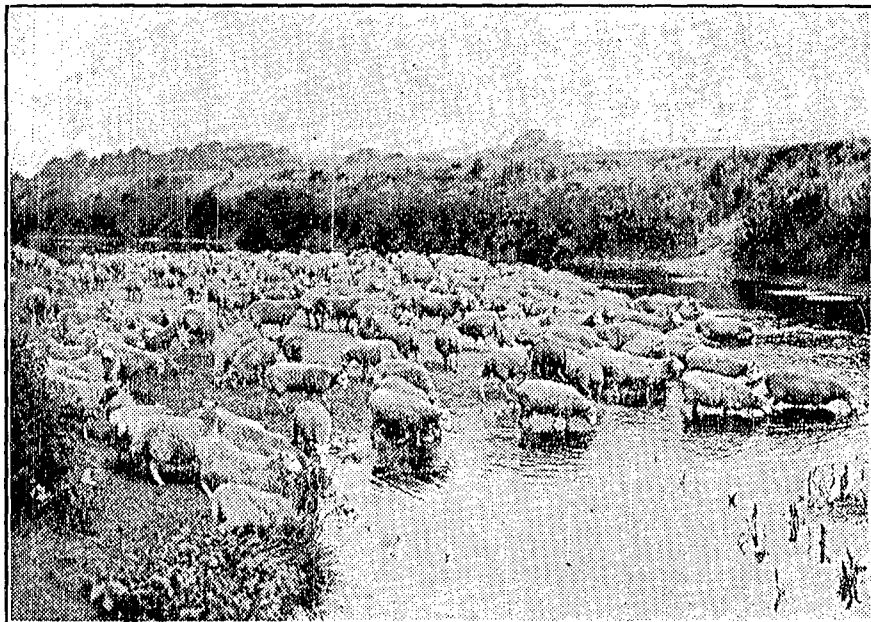


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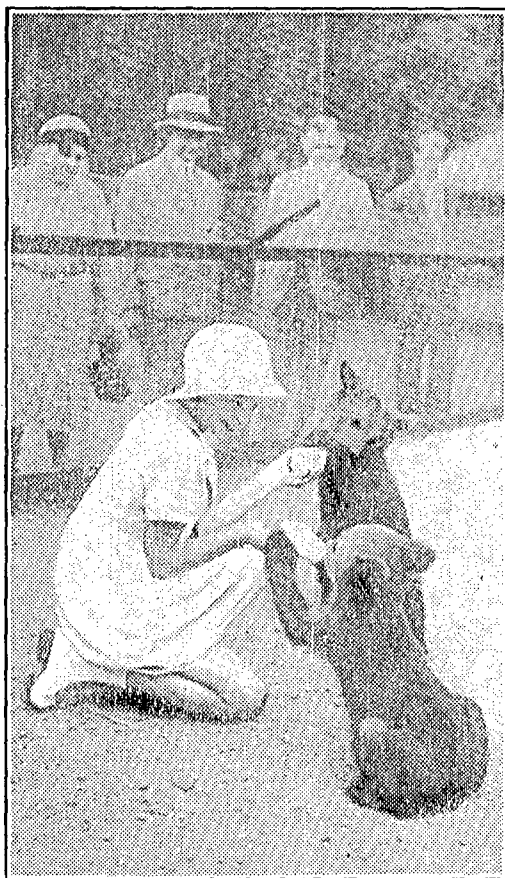
# MORRIS DANCERS • THE ANIMAL KINDERGARTEN • OXEN AT WORK



**A Pastoral**—Those asked to guess where this photograph was taken might reply anywhere from an Australian sheep station to the English countryside. Actually the scene is in London, our photograph having been taken on Hackney Marshes, quite close to busy roads.



**Man's Ancient Helpers**—It is still quite common to see oxen drawing wagons in some parts of the Continent, but this picture was taken in Gloucestershire when the hay was being carted the other day on Earl Bathurst's estate, Cirencester Park.



**The Animal Kindergarten**—At the Berlin Zoo children are allowed to enter enclosures in a section known as the animals' kindergarten, as shown here.



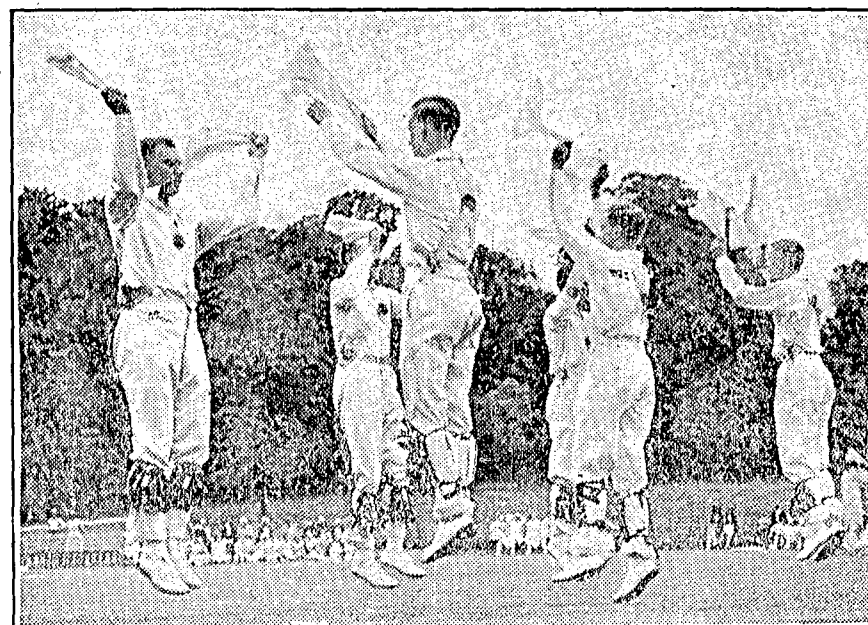
**A Run on the Sands**—Even if the sea is a long way out when it is low tide these little folk agree that the sands provide an excellent playground.



**On the Roof**—Some of the workers in Adelaide House are here seen enjoying the remarkable view of London from the terrace surrounding their roof-garden.



**The Water Chute**—The dash down the chute and the big splash as the boat enters the water at Southend are thrilling for the passengers and entertaining for onlookers.



**An Old English Dance**—These Morris Dancers took part in the annual festival of the English Folk Dance Society which was held recently in the grounds of Hitchin Priory.



## THE LOCKED CHURCH CURMUDGEONLINESS IN THE TEMPLE

Where the Door of Science is  
Open & the Church Door Shut  
WHAT IS A CHURCH COUNCIL  
FOR?

In these days it is often a great blessing to many people that we have still left all about us, never very far away, those little oases of rest and quiet to which generation after generation has come for a little peace.

The world is too much with us, but never are we far from the means to withdraw from it, some little church. All over our Motherland there hangs on the doors of our churches the invitation to come apart awhile.

*This church is open daily  
for meditation and prayer*

The C.N. regrets that there are rare exceptions to this almost universal rule, and we have been requested to call attention to a habit in a few sleepy parishes of locking the church door. It is a matter of growing importance now that thousands of people are walking through the countryside.

### The Bottle by the Font

One of our readers has been into hundreds of churches this year and has found nearly all of them open, but it has happened that perhaps one in twenty has been closed. He had on one day the remarkable experience of finding a church in the middle of a field with the door open and a bottle of wine by the font; he had another remarkable experience of finding a church with a Norman doorway crumbling to bits, the door locked, and the key at a public-house a mile away. At another church two visits were in vain, and the only way of seeing the church (the only way apparently for a moment of prayer and meditation for these parishioners) was to arrange a meeting at the church door by telephone.

### In Darwin's Village

At a place not far from the Thames the caller, after trying three houses for the key, seeking it in vain at the Rectory, was told that "they did not like people being alone in the church." At another place the caretaker had gone to market and nobody could find the key.

Two cases brought to our notice appear to us particularly sad. They concern two famous villages, Downe and Barfreston, both in Kent. The village of Downe is the home of Darwin, and it happens that Darwin's house there has been generously thrown open to the public. It is a charming place, where a hundred people every week are now going to see for themselves the scene of Darwin's labours.

*The sad thing about Downe is that the Door of Science is open and the Door of the Church is locked.*

Every week a hundred people go to Downe and find themselves welcomed by Science with open arms; they call at the Church and find it shut against them. Yet there is nothing whatever in the church to justify the locking of the door.

### The Council of No Appeal

At Barfreston is one of the noblest monuments this country has: a precious little Norman church. Many a sermon has been preached within these walls on the text *Charity Never Faileth*, yet among hundreds of churches which one of our friends has visited this year Barfreston is the only one to which admission has been actually refused. It is known to us that four people interested in Barfreston Church went sixty miles to see it, and arrived there in the middle of a summer afternoon to find the door locked and the key refused. *It was against the rule of the Parochial Church Council that anyone should see the church after 4 o'clock on a Saturday afternoon, and there was no appeal.* You may

## THE GRID Another Good Thing Done

The national network of electrical power lines has come to be called the Grid, and it is making such progress that we may expect it to be a great factor in the future of British industry.

In addition to giving cheap electric current for industry the national system enables the nation to enjoy a current of a standardised frequency of 50 cycles.

Hitherto the various districts have worked on different frequencies, and the adoption of a universal standard will economise plant and increase efficiency. It is estimated that the changes in establishing a standard will cost £18,000,000, and this is to be met by the Central Electricity Board. Thus a manufacturer may have his plant converted to the new standard without cost to himself, and this will certainly lead to the installation of better plants of the most modern type.

This reform should do something to improve employment immediately, while its beneficial effect on employment in the long run cannot be doubted.

## ONE BRIEF DAY OF GLORIOUS LIFE

### History on the Cricket Pitch

This year the Oxford and Cambridge cricket match made history.

In years to come old Oxford men in the pavilion or in the stands of Lord's will ask one another if they remember the great innings of the Nawab of Pataudi, 238 not out, when it was most wanted.

But the old Cambridge men, to whom the result of the match will not have given quite so much joy of remembrance, will still have a thrill of pride when they recall A. Ratcliffe.

He was the last choice of the eleven from which he had been left out, and only regained his place when J. G. Davies, the batsman chosen in his place, sprained an ankle.

The sprained ankle gave Ratcliffe the chance of making 201 runs, which was the highest innings ever made in a university match. The man not good enough had made a record.

The record only lasted for 24 hours, but we think that A. Ratcliffe from Rydal School will remember that day of glory as the happiest of his life.

*Continued from the previous column*

appeal against the High Court and the House of Lords, but there is no appeal from Barfreston Church Council.

What, we wonder, is the idea of a Parochial Church Council? We should have thought it was to interest the people in the church. The walls of this famous place are crumbling and cracking, and a great appeal will have to be made if it is to be saved. Is this curmudgeonliness the proper way to rally a generous public to this place?

Compare with this poor spirit the warmheartedness we found not far away at Lyminge, where both the Norman doorways of the famous church are wide open to the sun. We walk through this historic fane feeling how good it is to have so fine a place for resting in, for meditating in, for expressing our thankfulness to those who have left us these gracious temples and our faith in God that all these troubled times will pass.

With very few possible exceptions, there is no good reason for locking church doors. In any parish worthy of its church it is possible for some group to be appointed to keep watch over it if watchfulness is needful. *But there is never in any circumstances a good reason for refusing the key to honourable people at reasonable hours.* It is an offence against the church and the people, a churlish act, and it is good to know that it is against the spirit and the practice of nearly every church in England and nearly every Parochial Church Council that exists.

## JEWS IN PALESTINE Doubled in Nine Years

Palestine has a special interest for Christians as well as for the Jews and Arabs who form the chief part of its population.

It is very interesting to learn that the official estimate of the Jewish population in the middle of 1930 was 162,000 out of a total population of about 800,000. This means that the Jewish population has nearly doubled its numbers in the last nine years.

The Jewish Agency estimates that the Jews in Palestine numbered more than the official figure, and that at the end of last year they had reached 175,000. There is a very high Jewish birth-rate of 33 a thousand, and the death-rate is very low owing to the care that the Jews take of their children. There is a chain of Infant Welfare and Mothercraft centres in Palestine, and there are good hospitals. We are glad to see that these institutions are at the service of all races, so that an Arab can get attention equally with a Jew.

Last year the number of Jews migrating into Palestine was nearly 5000; about half of them came from Poland, 400 from Russia, 300 from Rumania, and 300 from America.

## THE PUPPY IN THE ROAD Saved by an Old Wolfhound

It happened the other day in a Polish village near Krakov that a small fox-terrier puppy was playing a wonderful game with itself right in the middle of the road.

Puppies need as much looking after as a baby, and there was no one near to tell this little fellow to get out of the way of the traffic. Only an old wolfhound lay by a garden gate, trying to get a nap, and probably wishing there were no such things as puppies to disturb him.

Suddenly a motor came tearing along. The puppy's game would have ended very tragically had not the great wolfhound seen what was happening. He dashed into the road, took the puppy in his mouth, and jumped out of the way of the car. Then he gave the puppy a little shake as a lesson, and went back to his snooze by the garden gate.

And that was all; but it is enough to make us a little more humble and a little less inclined to pat ourselves on the back as the only creatures capable of a disinterested bit of bravery.

## A MUSEUM LADY

Mastodons and mummies are not the only things they put in museums. Sometimes they put charming and up-to-date women into museums too.

For the first time the British Museum has appointed a woman on its senior staff. She is Miss Margery Louise Hoyle, M.A., and she is to work in the very fascinating department of manuscripts.

The Natural History Museum and the Victoria and Albert Museum have had women on the senior staff before this.

What a dreadful idea it would have been to those Victorians who thought it unwomanly for Florence Nightingale to leave fancy needlework for nursing! A museum, they would say, is no place for a woman; but already some women have proved that they can be happy and useful in museums.

## POOR OLD THINGS

A unique bonfire was fixed upon for the merrymaking at a charity at Holbeck Moor, Leeds, to be fed with a hundred old pianos!

They were the gift to the charity of Waddingtons, the piano-makers, and some of them were over 100 years old. For the satisfaction of those who think it waste it may be said that such pianos are useless, and people who have asked for some of them to be given to missions, clubs, and so on are assured they would be of no value whatever.

## THE GREAT BED OF WARE

### Coming to Town

### A PIECE OF FURNITURE IN SHAKESPEARE

A famous piece of furniture, the Great Bed of Ware, has come to London for all time, and quite right too.

Through a generous grant from the National Art Collections Fund it has been bought for the Victoria and Albert Museum.

It is time this unique treasure should be seen by thousands. For nearly four centuries it has been a byword with English people. It has often been mentioned in literature. Shakespeare makes an amusing allusion to it in Twelfth Night, when Sir Toby Belch gives advice on courtship to Sir Andrew Aguecheek, telling him to write to Olivia, assuring her of his valour, "as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the Bed of Ware in England."

### A Joke Down the Centuries

This wonderful oak bedstead, nearly 11 feet square and over 7 feet high, is believed to have been originally in one of the rooms at Ware Park in Hertfordshire. We know that early in the 18th century it was in the Crown Inn at Ware, and that in 1764 it was moved to the Saracen's Head Inn near by. Then, about fifty years ago, it was taken to a building in the grounds of Rye House in Hertfordshire, renowned for a famous political plot.

The bed is magnificently carved. The head is a work of art, and the canopy and bedposts are also richly decorated.

From the moment the idea of this huge bed entered the mind of its maker the Great Bed of Ware must have been a perpetual joke down the centuries. All kinds of travellers stopping at the Crown Inn or the Saracen's Head have slept beneath its canopy, and many strange bedfellows there must have been.

## LIVERPOOL AND ITS CHURCHES

### The Children's Cathedral

Liverpool is going to be the city of remarkable churches.

Already she has the most notable great cathedral erected in modern times, now well on the way to completion. Preparations are being made for the erection of a vast Roman Cathedral which will be almost the biggest in the world, a landmark for all Mersey shipping. The Protestant Cathedral was designed by a Roman Catholic architect: the Roman one will be designed by a Protestant!

A foundation-stone has also just been laid by the Bishop of Liverpool for a new sort of church. It will cost £12,000, all of which is being raised by children, and this new church of St Christopher at Norris Green, Liverpool, might well be called the Children's Cathedral.

For nearly three years the children have denied themselves many pleasures and done many extra hours of work to set this building going. They have been made into a sort of guild, the Order of Jubilee Campaigners. All the children who helped the bishop to lay the stone had risen by their efforts to be knights and ladies of the Order, and they gave dignity to the proceedings by doublets and hose and plumed hats.

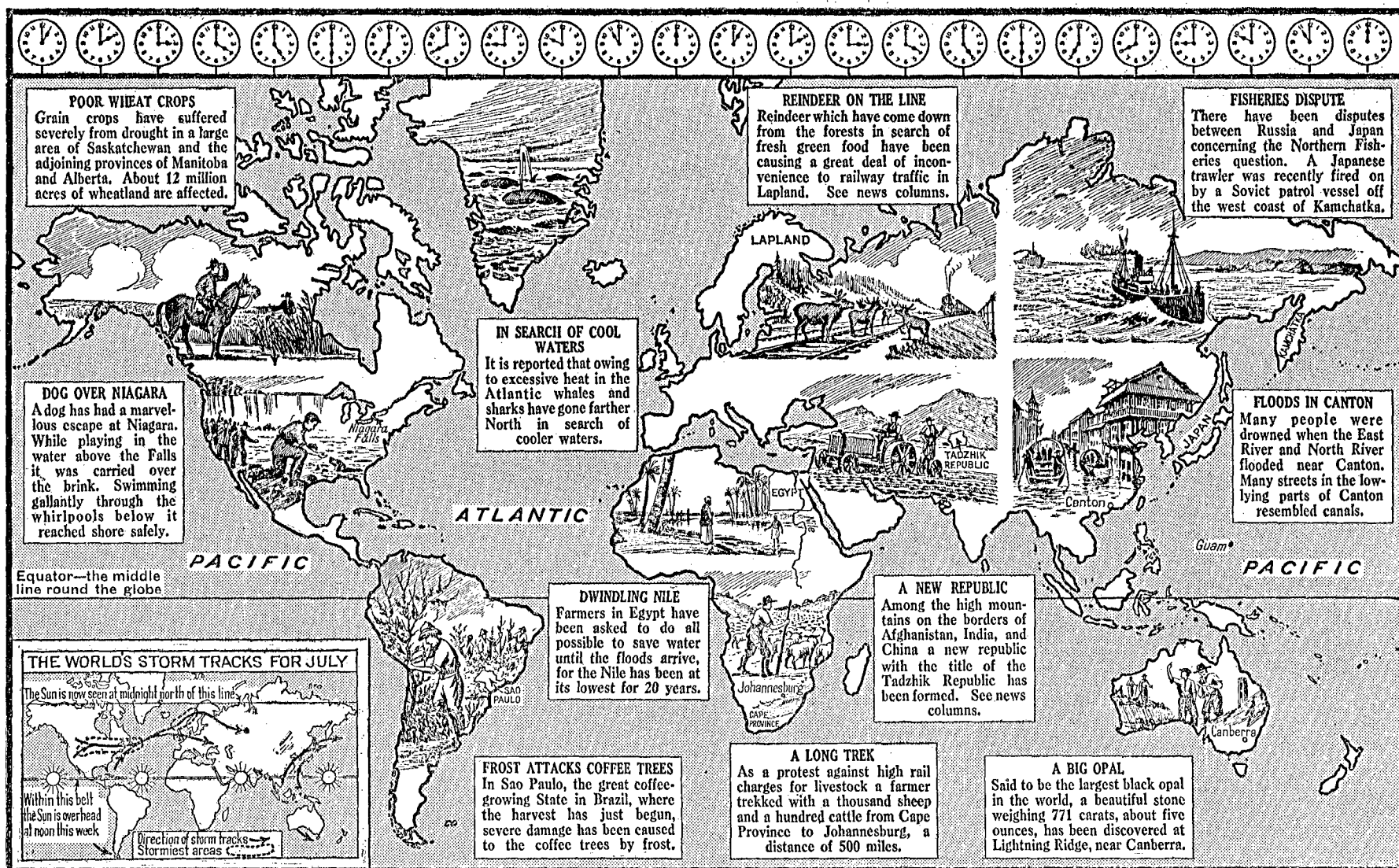
This beautiful church will belong to all the children of the diocese.

### Pronunciations in This Paper

Guam . . . . .	Gwahm
Jhelum . . . . .	Jee-lum
Kiel . . . . .	Keel
Riga . . . . .	Ree-gah
Sagan . . . . .	Sah-gahn



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## EBERHARD HOFFMANN TO SEE A VOLCANO Mussolini and a Little Man

Ask and you shall receive. Eberhard Hoffmann has proved it.

Eberhard is seven, and lives at Sagan in Silesia. He has been having lessons about islands, isthmuses, watersheds, volcanoes, and lagoons. The thing that captured his fancy most was the idea of a smoking volcano with lava creeping down its side.

He thought about it so much that he felt he would give anything to see one, and then he took it into his head to write to Mussolini telling him of his wish.

Almost at once he had a reply inviting him to spend a month in Italy as the Premier's guest! A wonderful adventure lies before this boy of seven.

Would it be any good, we wonder, for political prisoners to write to Mussolini saying that they "would so much like to see Liberty"?

## A CRICKET RECORD The Dean and W.G.

Current events have led people to ask what is the greatest number of runs ever scored for a single stroke of the cricket bat.

It seems that there can be no doubt of Dean Hole's record being the highest. Once he made 27, all run.

He was playing a single-wicket match against a friend, whose sole fielder was a well-trained retriever. The dog was told to stop balls, and he stopped them, but on one occasion there was such a burst of applause from the onlookers that he took fright, and bolted for the next parish. Before his owner could bring him back the dean had run 27.

It is a jolly story, not even to be beaten by the man who astonished his friends by declaring that he had once bowled W. G. Grace. Then he added: "But he was batting with a baby's spade on the sand."

## THE MINER'S BATH ON THE WAY HOME

The old woman who lived in a shoe must have dreaded bath-time, but even her family cannot compare with the family at Horden Colliery in County Durham, where nearly 4000 miners can be tubbed at a time.

This is the biggest installation in the British coalfields, and it costs 6d a head a week, which is shared between the colliery owners and miners.

To come from work hot, weary, and grimy, to slip off your coal-gritty clothes, get into a hot bath, and go home in clean things and a good temper is well worth a halfpenny a day. Many workers will wish that there were shop-head and office-head as well as pithead baths.

## THE INFLUENCE OF A BAD BUILDING

A building which is a moral offence stands until there is a fire or a revolution. Therefore it is very important that we should realise that whenever we erect anything above the soil it should be something on which all can look at least without distaste, if we cannot look on it with pride.

There should not be the elevation of a building line, or a turn of a road, or the destruction of a tree which would take something out of the lives of the people who pass those things.

Mr Arthur Greenwood

## THE BUSY BEE

Each summer a swarm of bees is sure to take possession of the busy street of some city; but it is not often that three swarms arrive on the same day. That, however, has happened in London.

One swarm chose King Street, Hammersmith, and flew round buses and trams in clouds before settling on a tree; the police taking charge of the tree and barricading it. The second swarm chose the roof of a house in Shepherd's Bush; and the third chose the window-sill of a flat in Bayswater.

## MONEY LEFT TO ENGLAND A Lawyer's Puzzle

There is no end to the puzzles the lawyers make.

The other day there died in Newton Abbot a gentleman who made a bequest "unto my country, England."

What follows is a warning to anyone else who wants to leave money to his country. The bequest must be differently worded.

In the Chancery Division three lawyers claimed the money, one for the Attorney-General, one for the Solicitor-General, and one for the next-of-kin.

Mr Justice Bennett decided that the bequest was void because it was so difficult to find that the testator had any definite idea as to the object toward which the money should be paid. It would be merely guessing at the testator's object, said his lordship, if one were to decide in favour of either the Attorney-General or the Solicitor-General.

Thus the dead man's desire, which seems perfectly plain to the ordinary man, who would imagine that the Government could have used the money toward some great purpose, was defeated. The next man who wants to leave money to England must make it very clear that he wants it to help to pay off the National Debt, or to be spent in some special manner for the benefit of the nation.

## THE PARRAKEET AMONG THE SPARROWS

Right in the heart of Manchester's chief shopping centre, surrounded by a very babel of traffic, is a pleasant sunk garden, ablaze with flowers in spite of the city's smoke, and used by hundreds of workers as a haven at lunch-time.

Here a bright green parrakeet has joined the dingy sparrows, and has managed to make good friends with them. It scuttles about the grass with them, picking up what it can.

## JUNE IN LATVIA The Singers and the Sailors

By a Correspondent in Riga

June was a most exciting month in Latvia, for besides the great Festival of Song at Riga the Latvian Fleet was celebrating its tenth anniversary.

It was grand to see these ships from all nations come together on a peaceful errand. For the first time since the war there met in Latvian waters ships from England, France, Germany, Sweden, Poland, Finland, and Estonia. A few British ships were also at Riga, and the sailors went ashore to play football against the town and village teams, and found the Latvian youths a good match.

The Festival of Song was the seventh to be held at Riga. Two hundred and seventy-five choirs came from all over Latvia. People of every class left their work for a few days, and at one time there were 12,000 people singing and 40,000 listeners.

The first of these Festivals of Song was held at Riga in 1873, when Latvia did not exist as a separate State but only as a province of Russia. There were 55 choirs then. The sixth Festival, the first one in free Latvia, consisted of 158 choirs.

This year most of the women came in their national costumes, some having been handed down from generation to generation and cherished by their wearers as their dearest possession.

Prizes were given for the most beautiful in order to encourage the people to return to their national form of dress. The men were a little shy of this, and left it chiefly to their women, but there were bands of young men from different parts of the country who came wearing just such suits as were worn by their grandfathers, beautifully woven from home-made material, with much fine embroidery.

There are now about forty thousand Russians in London.

It is said that there are six times more poultry than human beings in Canada.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JULY 25

1931

## The Miracle

A GOOD friend of ours woke up the other morning and found himself richer by £50.

He had done nothing to give himself that great satisfaction. He had worked hard and saved a little money and invested it, and the Great War and the Great Slump had so depressed the world that his investment had gone down and down. Everybody was sick of everything. Confidence was dead, Faith was stricken, Hope could hardly keep alive.

So it was that everybody was poor, for without faith we are nothing.

But our friend was sticking it as he stuck it in the war, and he went to sleep peacefully, not worrying overmuch that for the rest of his life there seemed no chance of saving himself from the millstone the politicians of Europe have hung round all our necks.

But the other morning he woke up with fifty pounds from nowhere—or shall we say it was from heaven? Certainly it was from heaven's ambassador.

*Our friend had done nothing.  
Mr Hoover did it for him.*

This is what happened. A few months ago we suggested that all War Debts should be suspended for three years. If that did not save the world they could be renewed; but if it did save the world they could all be thrown to the bottom of the sea. A month ago Mr Hoover proposed that they should be suspended for one year, and that has been done. What is miraculous is that as soon as Mr Hoover suggested it one little investment our friend had went up in value £50, and

*in two days the values of properties quoted on the Stock Exchange increased five times more than all the War Debts put together.*

We send this fact out into a world that is sick and tired of being miserable, and we commend it to every man who calls himself a statesman. We thank Dr Murray Butler, our distinguished American friend, for calling our attention to a simple fact which has, as he says, sent a thrill of joy, expectation, and happiness through the world.

Let our Governments note it. Let them stop talking and get on with the business of keeping their word and bringing back Peace and Prosperity.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

*above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world*



## Isaac Newton and the Battles

THAT is a curious fact, mentioned the other day by the president of a congress in London, about a history book which recorded every battle from 1066 and did not mention Sir Isaac Newton.

It is good to know that that sort of history book is as dead as are the old battles.

We may be sure that what the history books will tell us in the future is all about the Isaac Newtons and very little about the battles.

## The 100,000-Mile Fence

IT is said that this is the only country in the world where railways are fenced in by law. We have about fifty thousand miles of railway tracks and a hundred thousand miles of fencing.

It is extraordinary to think of the cost of maintaining all this fencing to save the public from our trains, but much more extraordinary is the fact that we still keep a hundred thousand miles of fencing to guard us from our railways, which never do us any harm, while nobody thinks of fencing in our roadways, where our lives are in constant peril.

## Money

WE suppose the world has never had such an example as is now before it of the absurd idea that money can do anything of itself. If any one thing is responsible for the great depression now felt in all parts of the world it is that two great nations are receiving too much money from other nations.

We are reminded of the story of the poet who, having received a bag of money from a tyrant, lay awake for two nights thinking about it, and then sent it back, saying that the money did not pay for the anxiety of having it.

## A Little Story of the Road

WE hear much of the sins of reckless motorists, and the C.N. would give them more justice than mercy. We hear much of the troubles of the police, and the C.N. gives them all its sympathy.

But what are we to say of this plain story of something that occurred the other day?

A car was coming out of London and was held up by traffic. It had a perfect driver, who gave the signal and stopped.

While the car stood still another car came up behind and ran into it, a piece of bad driving which happily had no more serious consequence than the damage to the innocent car.

The interest of the story is to come, for out of the offending car stepped the Chief Constable of a northern town!

## Our Little Bit of Sky

THERE is sorrow at the Editor's desk. Unilever House is blotting out the Editor's little bit of sky.

High above the roof of the City of London School the new house rises daily, and yesterday the men on the skyline were riveting, one of them throwing red hot rivets to the other.

We prefer to be writing these notes.

## A Bunch of Roses

PERHAPS this story is worth while in these days.

A rich man sent to a friend a box of lovely roses that had been dipped in a costly perfume.

"Thank you for your kindness," wrote the friend; "but you have spoiled the lovely smell of the roses."

## Tip-Cat

AN M.P. remarked the other day that he was a Socialist still. What is he when he isn't still?

A NATURALIST says mosquitoes hold sports meetings of their own. Then why do they always want to come to ours?

SOME people shrink from work. So are always in reduced circumstances.

THE House of Commons is one of the warmest places in London. So much hot air there.

THERE is no waste in the pig, says a butcher. He would be equally right if he spelled it waist.

GIRLS of sixteen like to be thought twenty-one. They live in an advanced age.

A WOMAN hairdresser has joined the staff of an Atlantic liner. Means to get to the head of it.

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

SHIREBROOK in Derbyshire has decided to bury its German gun,

A JUDGE has left £400,000 to Columbia University, U.S.A., to help on the study of international affairs.

THE Canadian House of Commons has voted that for every 100 dollars spent on war one dollar shall be spent in education for peace.

A DAISY and a buttercup have grown on one stalk at Ockbrook in Derbyshire.

## JUST AN IDEA

*Be good to your friends that they may love you more; be good to your enemies that they may be your friends.*

## See England First

By Our Country Girl

THE honey song is heard again;  
And lady's lace is in the lane,  
With great cream elder flowers above,  
And then an elm, and there a dove.

BEYOND the hedge flowers manifold  
Have made the field a flood of gold;  
A chestnut horse with burnished side  
Stands drowsing in that golden tide.

ACROSS blue skies cloud feathers stray,  
And blue woods quiver far away,  
And underneath those woods in turn  
Another forest grows of fern.

ON Latin plain and hillside now  
Brown glares the soil, dry hangs the bough.  
Then heaven be thanked for English rain  
That makes the matchless English lane!

## The Boy Comes Down the Chimney

One of our readers has come upon this story in Lord Frederic Hamilton's book on *The Days Before Yesterday*, and asks us to pass it on. As it is true, and as it shows how much better the world is than it used to be, we gladly borrow it.

THE story of Mrs Montagu is well known. The large house standing in a garden at the corner of Portman Square and Gloucester Place, now owned by Lord Portman, was built for Mrs Montagu by James Wyatt at the end of the eighteenth century, and the adjoining Montagu Street and Montagu Square derive their names from her. Somehow Mrs Montagu's only son got kidnapped, and all attempts to recover the child failed. Time went on, and he was regarded as dead.

On a certain first of May the sweeps arrived to clean Mrs Montagu's chimneys, and a climbing-boy was sent up to his horrible task. Like Tom in *The Water Babies*, he lost his way in the network of flues, and emerged in a different room to the one he had started from. Something in the aspect of the room struck a half-familiar, half-forgotten chord in his brain. He turned the handle of the door of the next room and found a lady seated there. Then he remembered. Filthy and soot-stained as he was, the little sweep flung himself into the arms of the beautiful lady with a cry of "Mother!" Mrs Montagu had found her lost son.

In gratitude for the recovery of her son Mrs Montagu entertained every climbing-boy in London at dinner on the anniversary of her son's return and arranged that they should all have a holiday on that day. She left a legacy to continue the treat.



## BOATSWAIN AND HIS MASTER THEIR HOME FOR ENGLAND

Newstead Abbey Becomes a  
Treasure of the Nation

### NOTTINGHAM'S GOOD FORTUNE

Boatswain was a dog. He was born in Newfoundland in 1803, and according to his master he possessed "beauty without vanity, strength without insolence, courage without ferocity, and all the virtues of man without his vices."

Boatswain came to live at Newstead Abbey, ten miles from Nottingham, and when he died his master raised a striking monument over his grave in the grounds.

Now Boatswain's home has been given to Nottingham, and it was left to M Venizelos to come all the way from Greece to hand over the deeds.

Thus dogs would tell the story.

But, to be perfectly honest, and at the risk of offending all our dog readers, we must confess that we think M Venizelos undertook his long journey more for the sake of Boatswain's master than for Boatswain's sake.

#### Rooms as Byron Left Them

That noble dog's master was Byron, and Greece has never ceased to love the English poet who died on Greek soil fighting for the liberty of Greece. M Venizelos would be delighted to find Byron's rooms as the poet left them, with a paper 120 years old on the bedroom walls, the same canopied bed and hangings, his toilet set, chairs, pictures, and fencing gear.

But Newstead Abbey would delight anyone who cared for neither poet nor dog. The fortunate people of Nottingham will now be able to walk down an avenue a mile and a quarter long to look on the lovely remains of a twelfth-century abbey set in the loveliest grounds imaginable. There are rolling wooded slopes, silver lakes, fountains among the bushes, and a series of exquisite gardens. It is as goodly a pleasure as any city could desire.

#### The Poet's Schoolfellow

Newstead Abbey was a priory founded in 1170. When Henry the Eighth dissolved the monasteries he sold it to Sir John Byron for £800, and the Byrons held it till it was sold to the poet's schoolfellow Colonel Wildman. In 1925 it came into the careful hands of Mr Charles Ian Fraser, who has lately found it impossible to keep up the estate. He could have broken it up and sold it profitably, but he felt it his duty to sell it as it stood at a nominal price. The historic part of Newstead Abbey, 20 acres of garden, the lakes and some land west of the abbey have been bought by Sir Julien Cahn and given to Nottingham. Mr Fraser has added all the furniture used by the poet.

But one of the most interesting relics of Newstead is not to be seen anywhere near the twelfth-century front of its priory church. You must go to Southwell Cathedral to see it.

#### Hidden in the Lectern

Three hundred years ago the big lake was dredged and a brass eagle lectern was fished up. Hidden in it, and safe after all these years among the fishes, were certain important documents. The monks had expected to return and retrieve their lectern, as the nuns of Shaftesbury expected to return and retrieve the relics of Edward the Martyr, but that was never to be.

The documents are now framed on the walls of the lady chapel, but the brass eagle of Newstead is still in exile at Southwell.

Boatswain certainly had an interesting home, and no dog can have his grave in more historical surroundings. But he cared nothing for that: he cared only for a master who was full of faults, and Boatswain missed them all.

## SOMETHING GOOD IN CHICAGO?

In spite of what Shakespeare said, the good men do is not always interred with their bones. Often it lives hundreds of years after them, sometimes in the form of a Trust.

We have in the world today many such memorials—fine things like the Carnegie Trust, Mr Harkness's Pilgrim Trust, the Thomas Wall Trust, and so on. One we have not mentioned before in the C.N. is the Harris Memorial Foundation, which provides for lectures on international relations at the University

of Chicago. These lectures, founded in memory of Norman Wait Harris, have been given now for eight years. The problem dealt with this summer was Unemployment from the European and international point of view. Our great economist Professor Keynes went to Chicago as one of the lecturers.

In this way the people of the world grow to know each other and to understand each other's difficulties. Such a Trust is as fine a Peace Memorial as can be raised in the world.

## SEEING THE WORLD'S GREATEST PORT



Passing a big liner



Entering King George the Fifth Dock

The steamer excursions to the London Docks have proved so popular that an extra boat has been put into service. These pictures give an idea of the number of people who are availing themselves of the opportunity of seeing the world's greatest port.

### LOOKING FOR THE NUMBER

We congratulate London. It will soon be able to see the number of a bus and where it is going.

This is splendid news for all of us who have spent some time on the pavement trying to discover the number, only to find that it is ours just as the bus starts off and leaves us behind.

Besides making these numbers bigger and putting them on the front, back, and sides of the bus, as the C.N. has so often suggested, the London General is adding the name of the place where the journey ends.

Soon catching a bus in London will be one of the milder summer and winter sports, instead of the strenuous affair it has lately been.

### THE GARAGE DOOR

Deaths through suffocation in garages are painfully frequent.

What happens is that an unfortunate car-owner forgets the deadly nature of exhaust gas, works in his garage with the door shut and the car running, and is rendered insensible before he realises his danger.

An important factor in the matter is the garage door. These doors are usually heavy, and so made that the only way to keep them steady in the wind is to shut them and lock them. In a recent case the evidence given was that the door was locked on the inside by the unfortunate motorist, who had obviously done so because that was the only way to keep the door shut.

## THE IMPRINT ON THE SAND

WHAT FOLLOWED AN ACCIDENT

The Servant Who Ran Off With His Master's Invention

LAURENS JANSZON COSTER

One of our correspondents travelling in Holland has had a surprise, and writes to tell us about it.

Like most of us, she had been taught to look upon Gutenberg as the inventor of printing, and Mainz, in Germany, as the town in which he set up the first printing-press. Not till she reached Haarlem did she hear the story of Laurens Janszoon Coster.

It is an old story, written down by Junius in his Latin chronicle called *Batavia* and published in 1588. It goes to prove that, while Gutenberg was certainly the first printer in Mainz about 1455, there was a Dutchman living at Haarlem who started printing from wooden and movable metal types about fifteen years before and whose apparatus was later used by Gutenberg himself.

#### To Amuse the Children

This is the story of Laurens Janszoon Coster, a learned man whose hobby was the copying of books for the monks of Haarlem monastery.

One day he was taking some children for a walk in the woods outside the town when he thought of a new way to amuse them. He cut a piece of bark and began to shape it into one of their initials. The letter finished, he held it out for the children to admire, and as they examined it the bit of wood slipped from his fingers and fell upon the soft sandy ground. He picked it up, and there in the sand was the imprint of the letter.

Coster thought about that imprint on the sand all the way back, and when he reached home set to work on the great idea which had come to him. At first he cut the letters out of the wood in a solid block and made an impression from this; later he thought of cutting out the letters separately and making what is called a movable type.

#### The Unfaithful Servant

He also manufactured a thick kind of ink which served his purpose better than the usual kind.

His experiments were successful, and later he still further improved his idea by forming the separate letters out of metal instead of wood. His servant Johann worked with him and learned all that his master knew.

One day Coster fell ill and the servant saw his opportunity. While his master lay unconscious he seized the types and fled with them, wandering from place to place till he came to Mainz and fell in with Gutenberg. Whether Coster recovered to find his invention stolen we do not know, but it is thought he died about that time of the plague.

#### Coster's First Printing-Press

This is the story told in the old chronicle; and it is still told. Gutenberg never claimed that he had invented printing. In various libraries there are clumsily printed books and pages known as *Costeriana*; and in the Haarlem Town Library is a block of wood with some lines engraved upon it said to be a bit of Coster's first printing-press before he had thought of movable types.

From time to time the controversy as to who invented printing breaks out afresh. Probably the story of Coster is quite true. It follows closely the story of many great inventions, where the main discovery, like the imprint on the sand, was accidental, and the inventor himself died without recognition, his name becoming obscured by those who followed after.



## FIVE BECOME FIVE HUNDRED A SCHOOL OF KNIGHTS ERRANT

The Way in Which the World  
is Always Getting Better

### TYNDALE-BISCOE'S WORK

Someone screamed below the classroom window.

The Principal looked out and saw a man kicking a woman on the shin with his heavy wooden clog.

"Oh," said a schoolboy, "he is only kicking his mother."

Of course there might have been trouble if it had been someone else's mother; but this was just a private affair which concerned no one else. Surely a man might do as he liked with his own relations!

A few moments later someone seized that young man round the waist and jumped into the river with him. Several times he was ducked, till at last he consented to beg his mother's forgiveness, and then he was helped up the bank crying like a baby.

### In Picturesque Srinagar

The river was the Jhelum, flowing through the picturesque streets of Srinagar. All round stretched the green slopes of the Vale of Kashmir, ringed by snow-capped mountains.

Because the vale was so rich and green it was constantly being invaded in the past, and at last the oft-conquered Kashmiris became broken-spirited and degraded. In order to help these people the Church Missionary Society persuaded the reigning prince to allow a hospital and school to be opened in Srinagar.

At first there were five pupils. Each high-born youth came to school wearing a filthy garment like a nightgown, a nose ring, large earrings, wooden clogs, and yards of cloth wound tightly round his head. "How long is it since your gown was washed?" a master asked. "I do not know," the pupil answered. "It belonged to my father."

### The Old Days and the New

They boasted of cowardice. They admired cunning. They despised all forms of labour, from washing to rowing. They were terrified of ghosts. They thought it undignified to play games. Their religion allowed them to torture animals and women, but not to use a football, because it is made of leather, and to them leather is unclean. They despised their teacher as an infidel, and sneered openly when he said the sea was salt water.

All that was long ago. Today the five boys have become five hundred. They are fine athletes, they are smart and clean, and they are the Knights Errant of Kashmir, ever on the alert to protect the weak and lowly from ill-usage. The records of their heroism would fill a book.

Now the school is 50 years old, and its story has been told in a book called *Fifty Years Against the Stream*. It is by the Principal, C. E. Tyndale-Biscoe; and Lord Baden-Powell, in his preface, says: "It should give inspiring encouragement to people faced with apparently unsurmountable obstacles." This story of a great work is published in India, but can be had from H. M. Long, the White House, Blofield, Norwich, and the price is 5s.

### Fighting and Laughter

In the eighties Tyndale-Biscoe coxed the Cambridge boat, though he does not say so in this book. Then he went to Kashmir, to spend his life among men who thought all games degrading. It has been a fight upstream all the time, but a fight sprinkled with laughter, as the reader will discover. For 50 years this school has been turning out Knights Errant who champion the oppressed, and the people of Kashmir are growing worthy of the loveliness of their country.

## The Merciful Man and His Beast

### WHY WE MUST HAVE THE HUMANE KILLER

The Last Strongholds of Prejudice  
in a Nation Anxious to be Kind

### ONE MORE STEP IN THE WORLD'S CRUSADE AGAINST PAIN

FOR a long time the C.N. has urged the use of the Humane Killer as the proper instrument when oxen, sheep, or pigs have to be slaughtered for food.

The same plea has been urged for a much longer time by a large and growing number of humane people whose authority and knowledge of the methods of killing animals have been sufficient to convince 370 local authorities in England and Wales that it should be adopted. In Scotland the Humane Killer is by law established for all animals except pigs.

### Fifteen Millions a Year

The reason why many thousands of people wish to see the Humane Killer universally adopted is a simple one. Animals must be slaughtered. It is a hard necessity unless we are all to become vegetarians. But the execution should be made as painless and as merciful as possible.

There are very few among us, probably not one in a thousand, who have ever seen an animal slaughtered. It is not a sight which anyone would seek, or, having witnessed once, would not avoid. In saying this we speak from experience.

There is, nevertheless, a small minority of people, those who by trade are compelled to be slaughterers, who see it often, for every year about 15 million animals are killed for our food. We do not believe the people compelled to see and do these things are cruel people. They cannot even have begun by being callous, though callousness must have developed in them or they could not have gone on. That point must be made, because we cannot allow, without reservation, that these honest people are the best judges of what is cruel to an animal to be killed and what is not.

### A Righteous Necessity

There is a yet smaller minority of people than these who, though the slaughter of animals is a sight from which they would usually shrink, have forced themselves to return to it in order that they may arrive at the most merciful way of conducting it. They are the advocates of the Humane Killer. They are the people who, by the sincerity of their views and the force of their arguments, have convinced local authorities, members of Parliament, and the Scottish people that its employment is a righteous necessity.

They have not convinced everyone. They have not persuaded a large number of butchers and meat traders. Their last failure to convince was that arising out of the refusal of the city of Birmingham to adopt it.

### Birmingham and the C.N.

Concerning this refusal the C.N. has written strongly, pointing out that it is a step backward and is being taken in defiance of a great body of public and national opinion.

To that expression of ours the City of Birmingham Information Bureau has sent us as an answer a copy of the Report of the Markets and Fairs Committee, which has been presented to the Council, and on which the Council voted by a majority of 57 to 38 against the use of the Humane Killer. With the report came to us a letter which declared with great politeness that the views expressed in the C.N. were partisan.

From a Birmingham Butchers Benevolent Association the C.N. received about the same time a letter which, after remarking that the C.N.'s statements were one-sided, and that it was of great importance that we should exhibit a spirit of fairness, enclosed an Answer for publication. This Answer was intended to tell the C.N. where it was wrong. It concluded with the expression of the

impartial opinion that, while Birmingham butchers and slaughtermen, in following the old ways, were using humane methods, the mechanical killer was only so-called humane.

That is untrue. The mechanical killer is called the Humane Killer because it is humane. It was devised by humane people after a very long period of trial and experiment. It has been proved to be humane by use tens of thousands of times. Why should a Bill before Parliament to compel its use be supported by righteous men and women in the House of Commons and outside it unless it were something which would be of value and benefit? Further, we may ask why a Humane Killer should be advocated at all, why should anybody ask for it, unless some reform in the method of slaughtering was needed?

### The Main Point

That, when all is said and done, is the main point. We pay every respect to the assertion of the butchers that they are not cruel or inhumane men, and that, having animals to kill, they perform that distasteful task with all the humanity, skill, and expedition they can command. Further, it is evident that a practice which has continued unchanged in its methods for centuries must have produced many skilled slaughtermen who do their business swiftly and mercifully. But what about unskilled men?

We should be the last to horrify C.N. readers by any description, real or imagined, of what takes place or may take place when an animal is killed; but we assert without any fear of contradiction that no honest-minded butcher will deny that in the course of his experience he has witnessed slaughterings which had better not be described. When millions of animals are slaughtered every year there must be some occasions of terrible bungling. There may be hundreds, perhaps thousands, of skilled slaughtermen, but there must be bunglers among them. *Who is to remove them? Who is to detect them?*

### Unskilful Slaughter

It was to remove this residue of unintentional cruelty that the Humane Killer was invented and is advocated. It is a mechanical device which reduces to the lowest point the occurrence of the human factor of error or mischance.

*It is not necessary to defend it from the attacks of those who say it is clumsy or likely to go wrong, or that it is capable of being mishandled and needs careful attention.*

Even if all that were justified, the Humane Killer could never fail as the unskilful slaughterer fails. *It is the first step to abolishing failures altogether.*

The C.N. is not in a position to declare that the Humane Killer is a perfect instrument, but it is far better than imperfect and fallible human methods.

### One Last Plea

There is one last plea that the C.N. would put forward, and it is addressed, not to those already convinced of the merits of the Humane Killer and its principle, but to those honest butchers who oppose it because it is a new-fangled method, and do not want to be taught their business by people who do not know it as well as they do.

In the rules laid down by the Old Testament for the guidance of the Jewish people it was ordained that they should not seethe the kid in its mother's milk. That was not because there was cruelty in the act, but because the idea is painful to the merciful. There may be among good slaughtermen no cruelty in the act, but the continual performance of it in the old fashion must breed a callousness which is an injury to the soul.

## THE G.P.O. AND THE COUNTRYSIDE

### Private Use of Public Poles SPOILING THE ROADS OF KENT

We have received some further examples of the pernicious practice now growing up by which our telegraph poles are being used by the spoilers of the countryside.

We are sure that this cannot be the deliberate policy of the Post Office. It cannot be that these poles are hired by advertisers, for so deplorable a policy could not possibly be maintained. Yet there are several examples in which this is being done, especially at Wrotham Heath, where telegraph poles appear to be used as a matter of course for the purpose of fixing advertisements. On the Charing road near Harrietsham, just before the entrance into Lenham, is another glaring case in which a hoarding is fixed right round the pole and attached to it.

In the Wrotham Heath case it is particularly desirable that there should be no suggestion that the Post Office is willing to lend itself to the spoilers, for there is no more flagrant example of the pitiful destruction of the countryside than what is happening there.

## A CITY BUYING BEAUTY

### Sheffield and the National Trust

Sheffield is the one large English city that is closely surrounded by extensive moorlands famous for their beauty, and the Sheffield people have long appreciated this immense natural advantage.

The City Council has control of considerable areas of moorland through its Water Committee, and now the public, by voluntary subscription, has bought 750 acres of delightful moorland country and ensured its preservation for public enjoyment by handing over the deeds of the property to the National Trust.

This Longshaw estate is the first acquisition held by the Trust in the Derbyshire Peak area. We congratulate Sheffield on having given such a splendid lead. The purchase of the estate involved the collection of £15,000. The Sheffield Council of Social Service, the many Ramblers societies, and the Sheffield Town Trust, which administers public funds, joined heartily in the enterprise, and the National Trust has accepted the responsibility of future control. This is all exactly as it should be. It shows widespread public appreciation of love of Nature and of freedom of access to its treasures.

There was a touch of pathos in the Prime Minister's letter read by Professor G. M. Trevelyan when he accepted on behalf of the National Trust the deeds that showed how Sheffield had bought beauty to set it free for all. "Rambling over its soft turf and breathing its sweet air (wrote Mr MacDonald), the people of Sheffield can forget all their troubles." The sigh of a harassed Prime Minister who loves the open road!

## EUROPE'S BIGGEST RIVER

The largest river in Europe, the Volga, is to possess the world's biggest electric power station.

The cost is estimated at £80,000,000 and the annual output at 8000 million units. Foreign experts are to act as consultants.

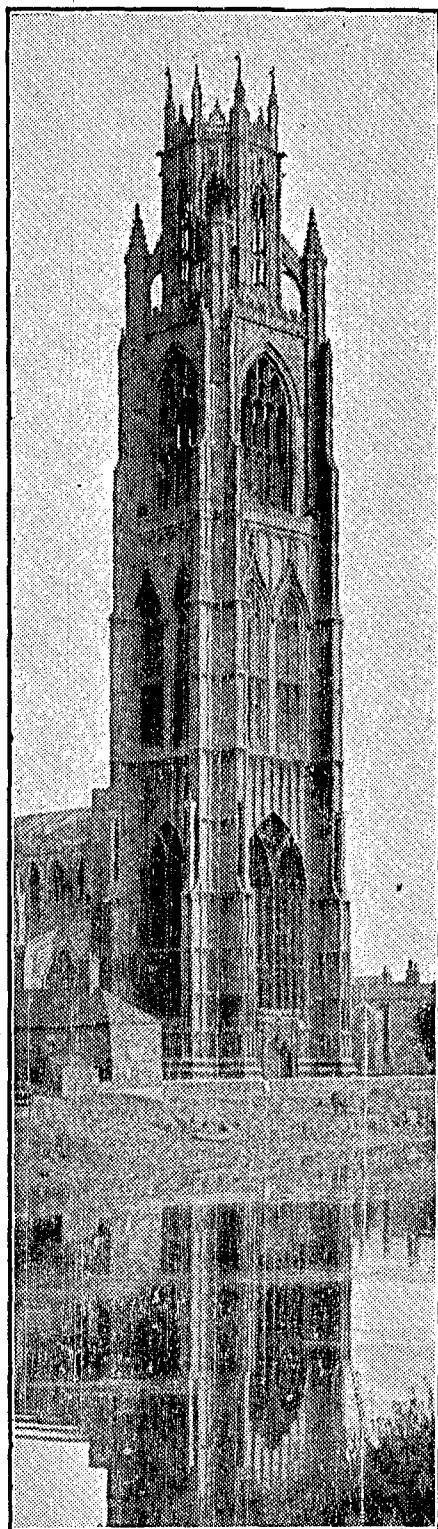
As the Volga district contains much coal, lime, phosphorus, and slate it is hoped that the famous river will become a great industrial asset. The power is also to electrify the railways and, as in Italy, to assist in irrigation.

West Ham is laying two sections of roadway faced with cast-iron blocks.

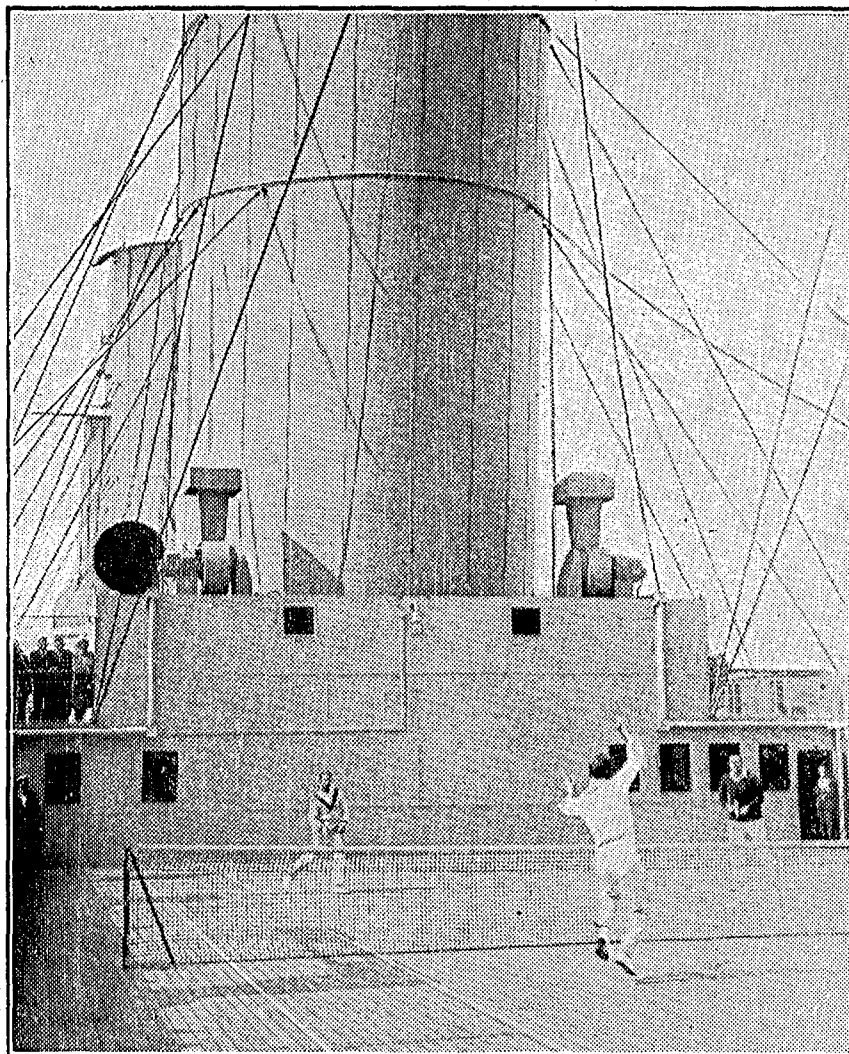
The International Disarmament Declaration to be presented to the Disarmament Conference has already received a million British signatures.



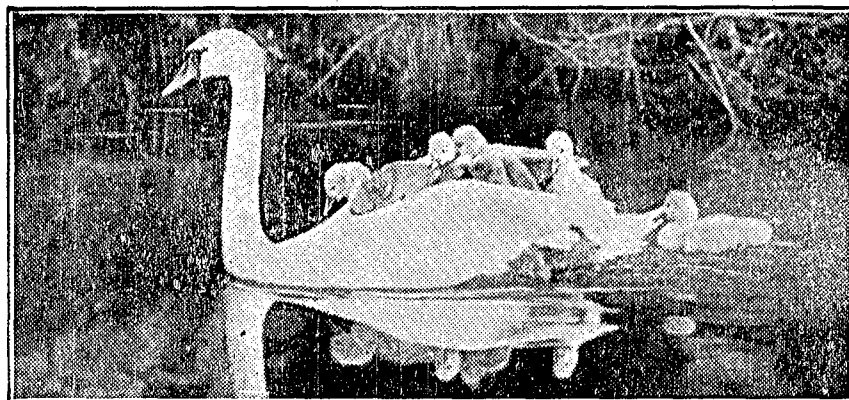
# BOSTON STUMP · TENNIS IN MID-OCEAN · EAST MEETS WEST



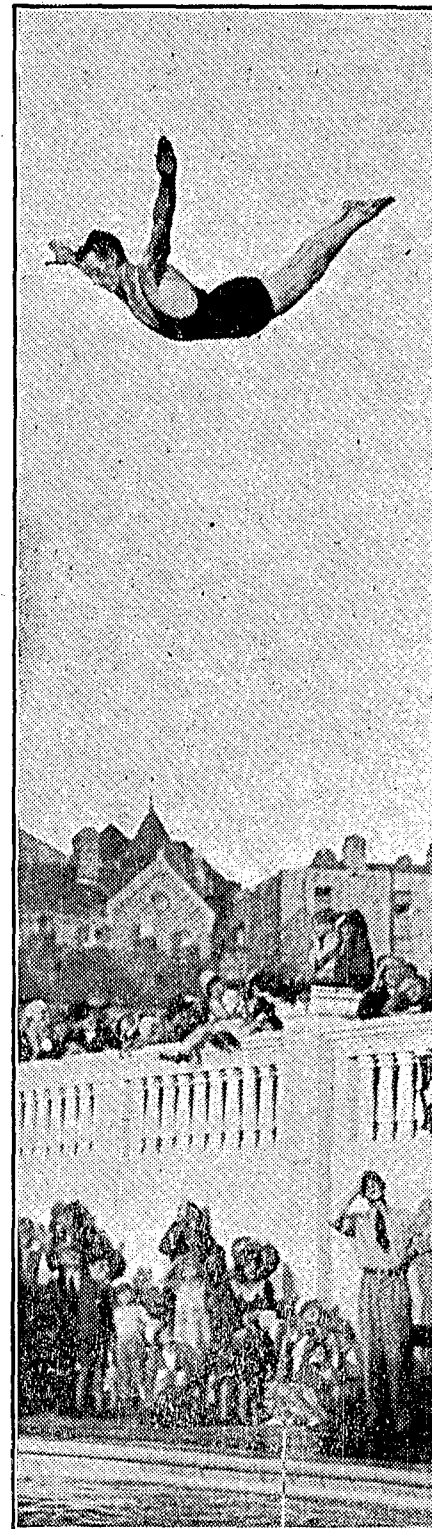
**Boston Stump**—The sum of £11,451 has been received from Boston, Massachusetts, for the restoration of this splendid church tower at Boston, Lincolnshire.



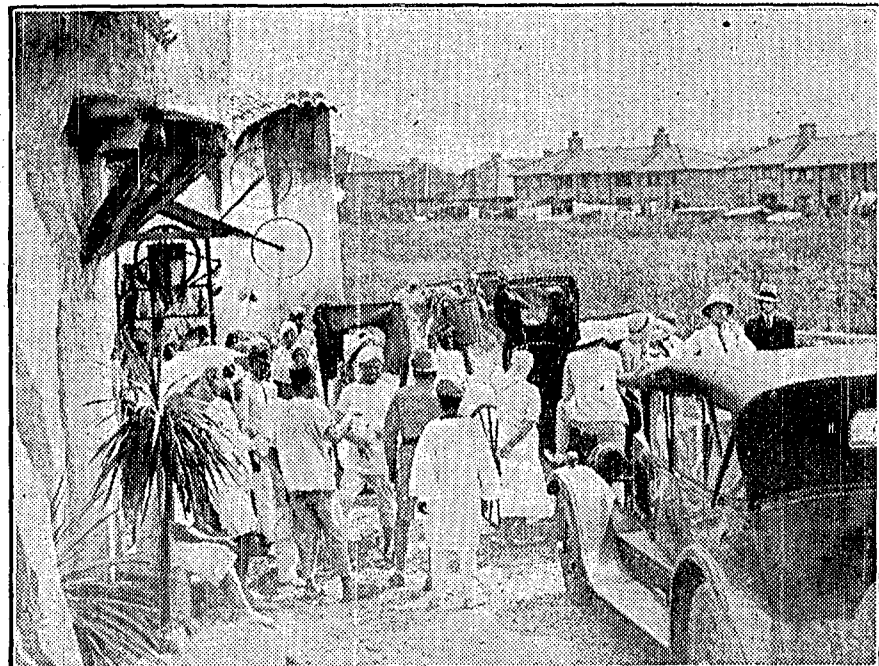
**Tennis in Mid-Ocean**—Passengers in the splendid new Canadian Pacific liner *Empress of Britain* can play tennis all the way across the Atlantic. This court will soon become the most-travelled tennis court in the world.



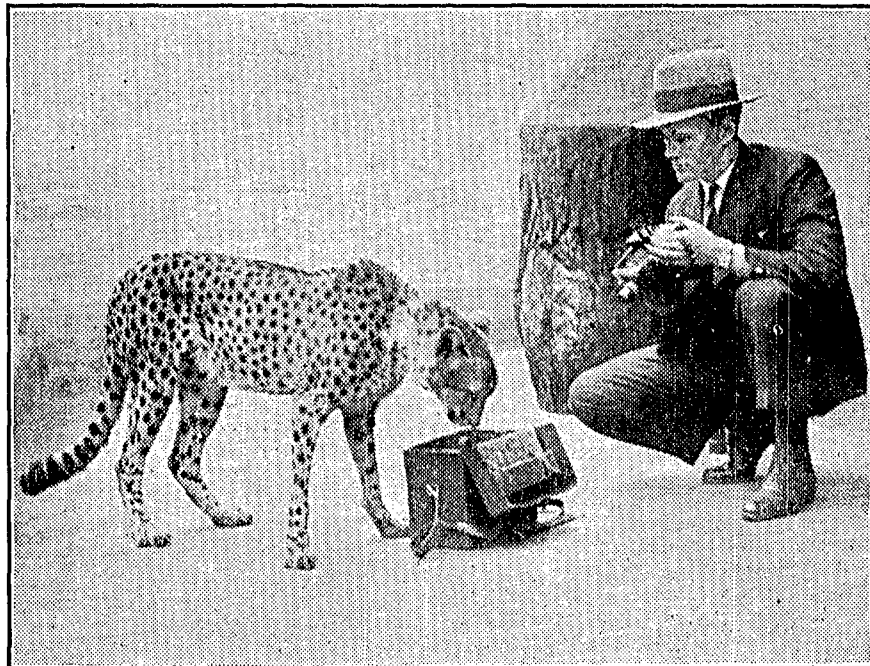
**Pick-a-Back**—When Mrs Swah's little ones grow tired during their early lessons in the art of swimming they clamber on to Mother's back for a ride and are carried along pick-a-back as shown in this picture taken on the river at Oxford.



**The Swallow Dive**—This beautiful dive was witnessed during a recent competition at Southampton. Its suggestion of a bird's flight amply justifies the name of swallow dive.



**East and West**—English houses seem strangely out of place in the background of this obviously Eastern scene. As a matter of fact the picture shows a street in Colombo that has been reproduced in a field behind the studios at Elstree for a film play.



**A Puzzle for the Cheetah**—A photographer at the London Zoo could not take a picture of the cheetah until Felix had satisfied his curiosity as to the contents of the camera case. But another man with a camera was able to get this picture of the interesting little incident.



## INDIA AND HER LITTLE ONES

### SLAVE LABOUR UNDER THE FLAG

#### Factory Life of Boys and Girls in Our Eastern Empire

#### THE WHITLEY REPORT

Disguise it by what fair-sounding name we may the truth is out that there still exists slave labour in the factories and workshops of India.

When a parent or guardian receives money or remission of debt for sending his child to work there is an element of compulsion that can be called by no other word than slavery.

That this practice exists within the law is the most terrible of the revelations in the Report of the Royal Commission on Labour in India over which Mr Whitley, the famous Speaker, has been presiding for two years.

#### An Indefensible System

There are in India many unregulated factories without power plant, and in them there are abominable conditions for the children who work there—long hours, paltry wages, unhealthy conditions, and, to crown all, corporal punishment. To the owners of such factories parents pledge the work of their children.

The Commissioners declare that the system is indefensible and is worse than indentured labour, for an adult entering into that evil system contracts as a free agent, while a child is not free. The system is, of course, the direct opposite to apprenticeship where money is paid by the parent.

#### Soul-Destroying Conditions

The lot of a child-worker in the larger factories of India, too, is as bad as it was 100 years ago in England; and, comparing the climates of the two countries, conditions in India are infinitely worse. The Factory and Mines Acts ten years ago did a little to ameliorate the appalling abuses, but wherever a child of 12 can still work in a factory and a boy of 13 in a mine much still remains to be put right.

This report is a historical document of far-reaching importance to the future of India. It should be read by all those who love their fellow-men. In its pages we read with shame of the soul and body-destroying conditions which our industrial system has imposed on an agricultural people during fifty years.

The outworn methods of conducting this system have injured the very object in view, only efficient workers producing goods of real value. A vicious circle is started. Bad conditions lead to inefficiency, inefficiency to poverty, poverty to bad conditions again.

#### What Must Be Done

The position is summed up in these striking sentences from the report of Mr Whitley's Commission:

We believe in attempting to break the vicious circle at as many points as possible. There must be an endeavour to enhance efficiency, to heighten earnings, and to improve the conditions of life.

We have endeavoured throughout to keep in view the question of raising the efficiency of the worker. The recommendations relating to working conditions in all the industries discussed have been designed in the belief that they will lead to a permanent increase in the general level of efficiency.

Housing questions fill one-tenth of the pages of this great report, and we can realise how bad things are when we learn that the average length of life of an Indian is 25 years compared with our 54, and the death-rate is about 35 a thousand.

We sincerely hope new laws will be passed speedily, especially as this inquiry was undertaken at the request of India herself, and the recommendations are practically unanimous.

## UNEMPLOYMENT PAY

### Those Who Get It

Some figures given out by the International Labour Office throw an interesting light on the British Unemployment Fund.

The figures are those of the Parliamentary Secretary of the British Ministry of Labour, and are the latest to be issued on the subject.

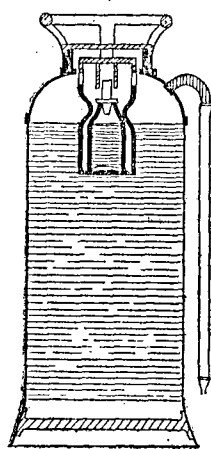
Out of 12 million insured workers 35 per cent of the men and 48 per cent of the women had drawn no benefit at any time up to the end of 1930, although a large proportion of these had been insured for over ten years.

Analysis of the record of unemployment benefits paid between 1923 and 1930 showed that during that period 30 per cent of the men and 40 per cent of the women drew benefits at some time in only one year of the seven. Fifty per cent of the men and 60 per cent of the women drew benefit at some time in not more than two years of the seven, and only one per cent of the men and almost none of the women drew benefits in each of the seven years.

The analysis also showed that less than five per cent of the men, approximately 120,000, had been continuously unemployed for a year or more.

### HOW THE FIRE EXTINGUISHER WORKS

Fire extinguishers are common in all large buildings. They are of many different types, but the diagram given here explains the principle of one of them. We all know that water puts



out fire; carbon dioxide is even better for the purpose. The type of fire extinguisher shown here makes use of both and manufactures its own carbon dioxide when brought into action. In the main cylinder is a solution of bicarbonate of soda, and within the cylinder is a bottle containing sulphuric acid. When the extinguisher is required in action it is reversed. This causes the stopper of the bottle to fall away from the neck and allows the sulphuric acid to flow out from the bottle slowly and mix with the solution in the cylinder. When the two liquids meet carbon dioxide is formed. Some of the gas is dissolved in the water but the remainder forces the liquid out through the nozzle. Owing to the presence of carbon dioxide in solution the liquid is thus made more efficient as a fire extinguisher.

### HOW THE POOR LIVE

From Yorkshire comes an account by a Councillor of the details of the household budget of a coal miner who does not smoke, drink, or gamble.

The family consists of father, mother, and three children, and the man's earnings are 32 shillings a week. Here is the household budget.

	s	d
Rent and rates .. .. .	6	3
Insurances .. .. .	1	9
Coal .. .. .	1	6
Sick clubs .. .. .	1	0
Meat and dripping .. .. .	3	6
Groceries .. .. .	13	0
Milk .. .. .	2	0
Sundries .. .. .	3	0
	£1	12 0

So only 18s 6d is spent on food. There are three meals a day and so, for the five persons, there are 105 meals a week, and the average cost worked out at 2½d. a meal. The man has not been able to buy boots or clothes for years, but has worn cast-off garments given to him by relatives.

## STORIES FROM SOUTH AFRICAN FARMS

### Snakes and Their Taste

Different snakes have different tastes, particularly in South Africa.

Neither apples nor onions can tempt the appetites of some of the snakes in the Marico district of the Transvaal. Their great weakness is eggs for dinner, and much annoyance is caused to a farmer who is constantly having his eggs stolen by these cunning thieves. But sometimes he kills the snakes, recovers the eggs, and finds them none the worse for their journey.

One snake, a yellow peril over five feet long, was well hoodwinked the other day. It found in a nest what looked like a nice, succulent egg and swallowed it. Not long after the farmer found the snake about thirty yards away, killed it, and out rolled a heavy china egg.

There is no accounting for tastes. In the Mazoe district of Rhodesia some men were ploughing not long ago. Suddenly the farmer heard a howl of horror. The men rushed up to him, shouting that a snake had taken charge of the plough.

Armed with a gun the farmer went back with them, and there, coiled round one of the wheels, with its head resting on the seat, was a python. It snapped menacingly while they unharnessed the bullocks. Then the farmer fired. Inside the snake, which was only about ten feet long, they found a full-grown jackal.

### THE TADZHIKS A New Republic

In Asia, on the borders of Afghanistan, India, and China, among high mountains of which some are higher than Mont Blanc, a new republic of the Russian Soviet Union has been formed with the title of the Tadzhik Republic.

Most of the inhabitants, who number about a million, are of the Tadzhik race. The capital has been called Stalinabad, after the Russian dictator.

Big plans are in progress for the development of this ancient area on the roof of the world. Areas are being sown with cotton and a great territory is to be artificially irrigated. Agriculture generally is being encouraged; this little Republic already has 600 tractors.

There are some hundreds of big industrial farms, and an attempt is being made to develop the systematic growth of rice, grain, vegetables, and other crops which are at present in their infancy. Then there is a dried-fruit factory, equipped with the latest machinery. There are also brickworks and engineering factories, and deposits of coal, petroleum, gold and copper which are to be developed.

The new Asia is advancing so rapidly that some day its output may exceed that of Europe. See World Map

### A FACTORY WITHOUT WINDOWS

So good a competitor of the Sun is the artificial daylight of today that sunlight has been dispensed with altogether in a new factory that is being built for certain engineering work at Pittsburgh.

All kinds of devices have been used in the building to reduce the noise of machinery, and the walls are porous.

Thousand-watt electric lamps provide the whole of the light, which is partly thrown down on the machinery and the workpeople and partly thrown on to the ceiling. There is not even a skylight; all the light is artificial.

All the machines are to be painted a bright orange colour, to make the moving parts more clearly visible and ensure safety in working. The walls and ceilings are painted blue, green, and white.

It is to be a factory of good cheer, with no gloomy days due to bad weather.

## THE LITTLE OLD MAN IN THE TOWER

### HISTORY IN A CHALICE

#### How the Wheel Turned Against a Star Chamber Man

#### AN ENEMY TO FREEDOM

A wonderfully interesting thing has just returned to its old home, Lambeth Palace.

It is an ivory chalice carved long ago by a master craftsman in Italy, and it was last used in 1645.

A sad messenger carried it through the streets of Old London, the wooden London soon to be destroyed in the Great Fire. Charles the First still sat on a tottering throne. Across the sea a handful of Puritan colonists were founding New England in the wilderness.

The chalice was carried into the grimiest prison in the land. In one of the dark chambers of the Tower a little old man of 72 was waiting for the executioner. At first he had been condemned to the horrible death of hanging, drawing, and quartering, but at last Parliament granted his plea that he might die by the axe.

His name was William Laud.

He was the son of a Reading tradesman. His scholarship had brought him a high place in the Church, and his theology pleased Stuart kings. He had become as powerful as Wolsey, but now he would gladly have changed places with a beggar.

#### Blinded by Narrow Zeal

He was not dissolute or greedy, like so many Stuart favourites. He had been a generous and faithful friend to school and university. But all his life had been inspired by a narrow zeal which blinded him to the glory of freedom and the loveliness of mercy.

He had denied liberty of worship to Nonconformists. He had directed that the writer of a sectarian pamphlet should have his nose slit, have his ears cut off, be branded, whipped in the pillory, and fined £10,000.

Now his own turn had come. This enemy of the Puritans, this tyrant of the Star Chamber, had been impeached by the Long Parliament and found guilty of high treason.

William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, about to be beheaded on Tower Hill, made his last Communion from the ivory chalice.

#### Laud and Strafford

He had fainted, it is said, when his friend Strafford was led past to die. Strafford had knelt before Laud's cell asking for his blessing, and Laud had given it, putting his old hands through the bars, and then he had swooned. But he met his own death with courage.

He was an enemy to freedom, this short, spare old man of 72, but generous hearts seeking for the good that is in all of us will rejoice in William Laud's bravery on the scaffold that cold January day in 1645.

One other good thing we may recall of him. He was a good friend to the poor folk of Lambeth, and in his diary he wrote: "As I went to my barge hundreds of my poor neighbours stood there and prayed for my safety and return to my house."

He never returned, but his chalice did. Laud bequeathed it to Chancellor Hearne, and from him it passed by inheritance to Major Frank Young, who has just given it back to the home of the Archbishops of Canterbury.

In the Canadian census farmers have to answer 254 questions.

Nyasaland in East Africa has started its first Boy Scout troop.

Nottingham's oldest citizen, Mrs Bousfield, now 103, has spoken at a Salvation Army garden party.

The library of 400 books collected by Rupert Brooke, the young poet who died in the war, was sold at Sotheby's for £420.



July 25, 1931

## The Children's Newspaper

II

## THE TRAPEZIUM OF HERCULES

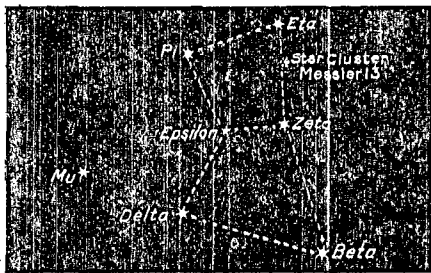
### A Solar System in the Making

#### REMARKABLE GROUP OF STARS

By the C.N. Astronomer

High up in the southern sky may be seen, as soon as it is dark, the great constellation of Hercules. Its chief stars are not very bright, being of third magnitude, but this region contains some of the marvels of the heavens.

The presence of the Moon next week will obscure all but the brightest stars of Hercules; these, however, will be easily perceptible, six of them being arranged roughly in the form of a trapeze, as shown in the star-map. They



Stars composing the Trapezium of Hercules

will be readily identified to the left of the bright star Vega, which is a little to the south of overhead.

Beta, the brightest star of this Trapezium of Hercules, is a great sun of the "giant" class which is 6,731,000 times as far away as our Sun, while its light has taken 106 years to reach us.

Zeta in Hercules is much nearer and much smaller, being about 1,841,500 times as far as our Sun, its light taking only 29 years to reach us. But the light comes from two suns, the larger one being a yellowish sun much like ours, a trifle larger and about one-tenth more massive, while the other sun, which has declined in heat to a reddish stage, is just below sixth magnitude, much smaller than our Sun, and possesses only half the amount of material.

This smaller sun revolves round the larger one once in every 34½ years and at the average distance from the central sun of 1,135,000,000 miles; it is, therefore, much farther away than Saturn is from our Sun (886,000,000 miles), Saturn taking only 29½ years to go round.

We see, therefore, in this apparently little star Zeta a distant solar system in process of evolution, with a world relatively much larger than Jupiter revolving round the central sun and still at a radiant red heat that was the condition of Jupiter ages ago.

Probably there are other smaller worlds that have cooled down sufficiently to permit life to exist upon their surfaces, but they are too small to reveal their presence at that immense distance.

#### How Zeta Revolves

A remarkable circumstance is that this dying sun of Zeta revolves at such an angle that it alternately gets in front of and then behind the central sun as seen from the Earth.

Delta in Hercules is also composed of two stars, one very small but visible in a small telescope; they are probably only in the line of sight and not really part of one solar system. The larger star is 7,112,000 times as far off as our Sun and so 112 light-years distant.

Epsilon in Hercules appears not quite so bright, though actually it is a larger sun, but it is much farther off, its light taking 142 years to reach us; this "giant" sun is therefore 9,000,000 times as far off as our Sun.

Pi in Hercules is still farther off and more immense, being 10,858,000 times more distant than our Sun and 171 light-years away. Eta, the sixth star of the Trapezium, is only 61 light-years distant and 3,873,500 times as far as our own "day-star."

G. F. M.

## C. L. N.

### A POLISH LADY HAS A SURPRISE

#### More Personal Links Wanted Between Each Nation

#### C.L.N. MEMBERS CAN DO IT

Number of Members—27,525

He that is stronger is he that conquers himself.

This is the motto written under the figure of Peace in the centre of the register of C.L.N. members of a girl's school at Leeds. Under the name of each nation belonging to the League of Nations is a picture of a child in the costume of that country. Each time the girls of this school glance up at the register they realise something of the bond between children of many nations which has been brought about by the work of the C.L.N.

A delightful surprise was given to a Polish lady the other day. She had come to England to see her son, who is a boarder at an English school.

#### A Very Keen Group

That boy might not have been nearly as happy as he is if there had been no C.L.N. members in his school. But luckily he found himself in the midst of a very keen group of the C.L.N. The boys were tremendously interested to have somebody from a foreign country living with them, and the Polish boy's first day at school must have been a particularly happy one.

To the surprise and delight of his mother she was asked to take part in a Polish Evening at the school.

One English boy gave a lecture on Polish history; another read a paper on the literature of that country. The boys then discussed all kinds of difficulties and problems, such as the Danzig corridor and the Lithuanian question. Polish music followed, and the evening ended with the Polish National Anthem.

Needless to say the lady was deeply impressed, and when she returned to her country, being a teacher, she encouraged her pupils to get to know as much as possible about England.

#### Doing a Bit For Peace

If only people of different nations knew each other! she said. If there could only be personal links between them the mere thought of war would be impossible.

Every C.N. reader has the power of making one of these personal links and so making war more impossible. Those who do not already belong to the C.L.N. should join.

In those desperately anxious days 17 years ago it was considered a fine thing to do one's bit for the war. Is it not a far finer thing to do our bit, even if it is a difficult bit, for lasting peace?

#### How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed to:

Children's League of Nations,  
15, Grosvenor Crescent,  
London, S.W.1

No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.



The C.L.N. Badge

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

#### Story for C.L.N. Members

Five Become Five Hundred—page 8

#### In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Set of 4 sconces, 1704	£645
Queen Anne silver-gilt ewer	£452
A silver toilet service, 1680	£400
19 Florence Nightingale letters	£94
Two old cut-glass candelabra	£64
Letter by Thomas Hardy	£59
An Elizabethan spoon	£41
Letter by Livingstone, 1845	£40

## A GLADSTONE DAY

### His Library at Hawarden

#### CARRYING ON THE GREAT WORK OF A GREAT MAN

The Third of July is fixed as Founder's Day at Hawarden Castle, an excellent device to keep a great name and a fine action green in memory.

On this day, every year, we shall remember that there was a brilliant statesman and scholar called Gladstone, that in his old age he presented a library to England, that England pleasantly re-torted by giving the library a fair home, made it accessible to all, and called it St Deiniol's Library, Hawarden.

These are the bare facts of a long and interesting story.

#### One Thing at a Time

It has been said of Mr Gladstone that he had read more books, and these more carefully, than anyone since the elder Pliny, who had the biggest library of any of the ancients. Gladstone read as other people breathe. All his life he collected books, and in 1895, at 86, he wrote:

Convinced that the future of the human race depends in the main upon the great question of belief, and that the most special and urgent of present needs is the need of sufficient means for the effective promotion of Divine learning, I am engaged in the foundation of a library under the name of St Deiniol's, Hawarden, adapted to that end.

It was just like Mr Gladstone to specialise in this way—one thing at a time, well done, leaving it for his followers to add to the scope of the library.

He began in a quiet way on this great labour. In 1889 he caused to be built on the top of Hawarden Hill two iron rooms lined with felt and pine. These finished, there began the immense work of moving the books from the Hawarden library which he called his Temple of Peace. Every single volume of the 27,000 he had collected to found this institution was packed with his own hands before it was carried up the hill.

What man (he used to say) who really loves his books delegates to any other human being, so long as there is breath in his body, the task of introducing them to their homes?

#### A Happy Thought

Five years later, in 1894, the library on the hill was ready to be catalogued and handed over to England. In 1898 came the death of its founder.

The next year the Committee for the National Memorial decided to build in Mr Gladstone's memory a permanent building to house the library. This work, begun at once, was finished in 1902. By a happy thought Mr Gladstone's sons and daughters added to the library a hostel where readers might live for the modest sum of £2 a week.

The institution is in the hands of careful wardens and has grown enormously in late years. The library now contains nearly 60,000 volumes and is a treasure house for students of theology, philosophy, history, and letters, who can read in peace in that building on the hilltop and wander in the grounds of Hawarden Castle when their eyes are weary of books.

#### A BIG HOLE IN THE NORTH SEA

It has been discovered that the floor of the North Sea has a deep hole in it.

This hole lies between Scotland and Sweden and is no less than 780 feet deep. Before its discovery the floor was supposed to be a plain, with undulations varying in depth from 38 to 50 fathoms. Trawlers are warned of the hole because trawls get lost by fishermen who are unaware of its existence. The sides are very steep.

The depression has received the name of the Devil's Hole. It lies close to where the mouth of the Rhine opened in the pre-glacial epoch, when the North Sea was land.



## Summer Meals for Children

"Cold 'Ovaltine!' That's what I want," says Kenneth.

So often in these days the children refuse any foods except dainty salads, fruit dishes, and the lightest of summer fare! Yet their health and energy may be impaired by this diet because such foods supply insufficient body building nourishment.

The reason why they are often tired and fatigued in hot weather is simply because they are expending energy all day long, and sufficient new energy is not being created to make good the loss.

That is why cold "Ovaltine" is becoming so popular. This delicious beverage is not only a delightfully refreshing drink, it is also brimful of nourishment. Added to the ordinary light summer diet it supplies all the energy-giving, health-maintaining nutritive elements which that diet lacks. With the regular use of cold "Ovaltine" energy and health never flag, summer lassitude and fatigue are avoided.

Give your children this delicious beverage every day. You will be surprised and delighted at the way it maintains their health and vitality during the hot weather.

Cold "Ovaltine" is easy to prepare by adding "Ovaltine" to cold milk or milk and water. Mix for a minute with an egg whisk or in a shaker.

# OVALTINE

Served COLD

Prices in Great Britain and Northern Ireland.  
1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin.

P651



## NAMESAKES

### BED AND BREAKFAST ON A GALA NIGHT

A Peep Behind the Scenes at the Great Colonial Exhibition  
STORY FROM A CLOAK-ROOM

By Our Paris Correspondent

They are not very closely related, the Minister of the Colonies and the cloak-room attendant—only second-cousins by marriage—but they bear the same name, Reynaud.

It was the first gala night of the International Overseas Exhibition. Monsieur Reynaud, the Minister, was to receive the guests and Madame Reynaud was to check the hats and coats. There was to be music, dancing, and a sumptuous supper. As there was no telling when the guests would leave, Madame Reynaud and her three colleagues were warned that they might have to stay on duty until dawn.

#### When the Guards Came

But M Reynaud, remembering that tomorrow was another working day, left fairly early, and by half-past two the party was over, the last hat and coat had been donned by its owner, and the guards came to turn out the lights.

"Whatever shall we do at this hour of the night?" said the cloak-room attendants. "There are no trains or buses, and we can't afford taxis for such a distance."

"Join us in the Guards Room," said the men. "We have some excellent wooden benches; you will be as comfortable as anything."

One of the guards, lingering behind the others, suggested more seriously that they should sleep in the veteran caterpillar cars of the Sahara which were on exhibition on the platform.

"Their seats have cushions," he said. "I really think you would be better off in them; let me help you up."

#### The Night Watchman

The four women were soon installed in two of these honourable derelicts of the desert in the empty Colonial Museum, but they were too amused to sleep. An hour later the night watchman, making his rounds, heard them.

"Come out of there!" he shouted.

They pretended to be asleep.

"Come out, I tell you," he bellowed, "or I'll call the police!"

Madame Reynaud, thinking it was best to make a clean breast of it, climbed down, and said: "Do not be angry. We are four workers who had to work late and were unable to go home. We will not harm the cars."

"Oh!" said the watchman, mollified. "Employees, are you? I thought you were the Public. All the same, my orders do not allow me to leave you there. Sorry, but you must go somewhere else."

#### Real Hospitality

So there was nothing for it but to knock on the door of the Guards Room, after all, and beg the hospitality of the wooden bench. Here they could not sleep either, for the guards kept coming and going, the bench was hard, and the light was on. As the Sun came up the guards who had first spoken to them came in off duty.

"Hullo!" they said. "You refused our kind invitation, yet here you are. We feel rather injured about it, but we promise to forgive you if you will have breakfast with us."

"Breakfast?" said the women, knowing perfectly well that there was no restaurant open.

"Yes, and a magnificent one," said the men.

"We should be delighted," the women replied.

The guards then led them back to the scene of the Minister's reception, and there they set out a royal repast

## AMERICA'S MINISTER

### STRAIGHT MR STIMSON

The Man Who is Talking With the Governments of Europe

### GETTING WHAT HE WANTS

It is good for Europe that President Hoover has chosen Mr Stimson to come over. We know him for his work at the Naval Conference, and his reputation with the European Governments is firmly established.

This somewhat clerical-looking lawyer, with a soft voice, a soldier's figure, and the colour of the Out-of-Doors, has a world of tenacity in his cleanly-chiselled chin and his steel-blue eyes.

If he wants to know whether the nations of Europe are in earnest about reducing armaments he looks as if he will demand a straight answer. Open and above-board himself, he expects others to believe that he is hiding nothing nor seeking to gain an advantage by covert means.

#### The President's Strong Right Arm

Honest, frank, simple, and direct, the strong right arm of President Hoover sees eye-to-eye with his Chief. His every instinct is for friendly relations with all the world. In every difficult negotiation brought before him his aim has been to think out a fair solution, state it clearly, and "sit tight."

Born in New York 63 years ago, of stern New England stock, Henry Lewis Stimson selected Yale for his college training and Harvard for his law course. Watching him working at all hours in Washington, Sundays and holidays, inspiring others to work as hard as he does, it is easy to see why America's greatest statesman, Elihu Root, started Stimson in law and then encouraged him in public life.

The story is told that this austere Secretary of State, who moves so quietly and modestly about Washington today that to most citizens he is still rather an unknown person, went for a ride years ago when in the capital on business. On the opposite side of the creek in the park, all unknown to him, were President Roosevelt and Mr Root, discussing the appointment of the United States Attorney for New York. The perplexed President asked for advice. Mr Root recognised the rider across the stream and said "There's your man."

#### In Midstream

"Call him over here," commanded the impetuous Roosevelt. On being hailed Mr Stimson eased his horse down the steep bank into the water. In midstream the horse stumbled, but Mr Stimson, with remarkable coolness and excellent horsemanship, kept his mount on its feet and plunged across the creek. President Roosevelt was impressed. Then and there he became District Attorney.

Later Mr Stimson accepted the post of Secretary of War in the Taft Cabinet, where he became a firm friend of Leonard Wood, the Chief of Staff. On the death of his friend in 1928 his first-hand knowledge of the Philippines made Mr Stimson the appropriate Governor-General, and he came home the next year as Secretary of State, the highest post in the gift of President Hoover.

The destiny of Europe and its war debts will be safe in his hands.

Continued from the previous column

of good things left over from the party of the night before. And thus it came about that although the Colonial Minister was unable to invite his namesake to his feast, she enjoyed it all the same, thanks to the chivalry of the guards.

Madame Reynaud thinks she enjoyed the party more than the Minister, for, in the circumstances, she felt at liberty to put some of the goodies into a sack to take home to her little girl, who had had to spend the night alone in their attic room in the suburbs; and that is the sort of pleasure the great man could scarcely allow himself.

## IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE

Why Not a Flower Market?

### BRIGHTER TOWNS

Someone has been suggesting that in Trafalgar Square there should be a little flower market.

This is a delightful idea. It has often been noticed that flowers are at their gayest when they have a mass of stone for a background. Such an area of colour in Trafalgar Square would give a gay heart to the square.

The eternal aspects of a country or a town are its hills and its great buildings. But it often happens that a traveller's first impression or happy memory of a place comes from something fugitive blended with its changelessness.

The flower markets of Normandy held in the shadow of hoary cathedrals are among the loveliest pictures in the world. No one who has seen the flower and fruit market in the cream-coloured space before the pale, glorious church of St Front at Périgueux can ever forget the miracle of its beauty, especially if it is seen at seven o'clock in the morning, when the shadows under the great umbrellas are soft and dusky.

#### The World's Treasures

A girl in a bright peasant dress driving her oxen along a mountain path makes the venerable shapes of the Balkans more changeless and grand.

These sights are among the world's treasures which people travel far to see. But there is no reason why a touch of stay-at-home beauty should not be added to the English capital, which is a place of pilgrimage for dwellers at the ends of the Earth.

The Liverpool flower-women ranked in old Clayton Square make a refreshing sight in England's second city. Flower-women in Trafalgar Square, with large gay umbrellas that doubtless might serve two purposes, would add an unforgettable beauty to that beloved spot.

There are days in the English summer that seem like a festival full of silver light streaming from a clear washed sky. The beauty of this grey space and flower-colour and the playing fountains would most happily bring the high midsummer poms to town.

## BERLIN'S BIG BATH

### 200 Feet Long

Berlin has now the finest public bath-house in Europe, or, indeed, in the world. It is called the Stadtbad Mitte.

It is an enormous building, and as it is erected in one of the poorer parts of the German capital it is very popular. It represents the determination of the Berlin City Council to afford the best possible bathing facilities to the people of the city.

The chief swimming-pool is 200 feet long and 75 feet wide; the water is changed every few hours and always disinfected. A combined ticket admits not only to the swimming-pool but to the light and sun baths, and costs only 7d. Swimming can be learned from qualified instructors for ten shillings a quarter, or five shillings for children. In the summer one side of the swimming-pool can be opened to the air.

There are splendid dressing-rooms, gymnasiums, private baths, medical baths, Turkish baths, a hairdresser, and a gymnastic instructor. The dressing-rooms are so arranged that bathers approach them by one door and leave by another leading to the swimming-pool. Thus boots and outdoor dust never touch the actual swimming place.

Munich also has a magnificent bathing establishment which is built in palatial style, the swimming-pools being as artistic as they are practical, with an arrangement to provide artificial rain on hot days.

## HELPING LAME DOGS OVER STILES

### A BOOK OF GOOD CAUSES

Sir Charles Bright's Look Round on Human Kindness

### GOODWILL EVERYWHERE

Let's Help! By Sir Charles Bright. George Routledge. 4s 6d.

Whoever still believes the fallacy that the scientific mind has no room for the Humanities should read this book.

Primarily it has been written as a guide to the generous in the wise distribution of their gifts. But, like many a book written with a noble purpose, in its accomplishment it has transcended its idea and become for its own sake worthy of a permanent place on our shelves among the finer records of our social history. For this book has character, created partly by its vivid story of the origin and growth of our great charitable institutions and partly by the unconscious revelation in page after page of the fine humanity of the man who has devoted his declining years to this labour of love.

#### A Pioneer in Wireless

The author is the youngest son of the famous Charles Tilston Bright, who was knighted at 26 for laying the first Atlantic cable. Sir Charles himself long since became an authority on cables and a pioneer in wireless and flying. The human side of life has always appealed to him, and the great boon of cheap telegrams overseas was due to his clever brain and his kind heart.

We like the modest little preface of this book. In it the author tells us how ill-health has ended his active life in office and playing-field, but brought the consolation of pen, ink, and paper. He began his Reminiscences, but left them for what he describes as the humbler task of this book, hoping it would prove of greater use to the under-dog who can rise above all obstacles when given a helping hand.

#### In the Book of Life

We believe that, interesting and valuable as his Reminiscences would be, this book has justified his decision, for in its pages we meet again those noble souls of the nineteenth century who saw the needs of the suffering and oppressed of their time and founded funds and homes and organisations which today rank among the greatest in civilisation. In golden letters in the Book of Life stand names like Barnardo and Booth, and all who have established some great good for weaker brethren.

The League of Nations Union is placed first in this book, and is followed by those boys' organisations that have done so much to train the citizens of the future. Institutions connected with science, industry, and literature have their places here too, and we are glad to find so ample a space devoted to the Anti-Bribery Campaign, a little known work of vast importance.

## WRECKS AND SHIPBUILDING

### And a Point About Speed

British shipbuilding is now at a very low ebb. It is suffering not only from the world trade crisis but from the change-over from coal to oil.

Curiously, it is also reduced by the fact that wrecks are fewer than of old. Before the war Britain lost by shipwreck about 500,000 tons of shipping every year. Now the loss is about 200,000 tons, so that 300,000 tons less have to be made up.

Another point tells against the ship-builder, and that is the speed of the newer ships. When a ship travels quickly it does more work in a given time. Consequently as the speed of ships increases fewer ships are required.



## NEW TROPICAL HOUSE AT THE ZOO

### Old Rhinoceros Shelter Transformed

### ROCK GARDEN WITH POOL AND PALM TREES

By Our Zoo Correspondent

A new house has been introduced at the Zoo.

It is not a newly-constructed building, but the small house near the Small Bird Aviaries, used formerly as a shelter for a young rhinoceros, now converted into a home for tropical wading birds and delicate South American monkeys.

Its appearance is so changed that it seems completely new. The space devoted to the birds has been made into a rock garden furnished with a pool and palm trees of all sizes, and though the section belonging to the monkeys is less ornamental it is furnished with palms in addition to the usual tree branches.

The general effect is decorative and pleasing and this Tropical House is expected to be a success. Although the Monkey House with its open-air dens and airy hygienic indoor cages is an excellent home for Asiatic monkeys, gibbon apes, baboons, and most African monkeys, it has not proved a satisfactory dwelling-place for New World simians. Tropical South American monkeys require a great deal of warmth.

#### The Chimpanzee's Playtime

The Tropical House will be kept at a steady high temperature, and during the winter months the exhibits will be given light and additional heat by means of ultra-violet ray lamps.

Another new feature at the Zoo is the chimpanzee's playtime. Every fine afternoon at 5 o'clock two diminutive baby chimpanzees called Ivy and Phoebe are carried on to one of the lawns and for half an hour they are allowed to play together.

They play ball and a jumping game obviously intended to be leap-frog; they romp and wrestle and thoroughly enjoy themselves. After half an hour the youngsters are picked up in their keeper's arms and carried off to bed, for at 5.30 the three larger chimpanzees, Jimmy, Bo-Bo, and Peggie, come and demand the use of the lawns for their daily tea-party.

### A LAPLAND TROUBLE

#### Reindeer on the Railways

Once more reindeer are giving trouble by wandering along the railway lines in Lapland in search of fresh green food.

They come down at this season of the year out of the virgin forest where they have been sheltering all winter. They arrive in troops to eat the fresh green growth which they find in greater abundance along these tracks.

Do what they will, the railway authorities fail with any protective measures they take.

Last year in Lapland alone the trains used for the transport of minerals caused the death of 1021 reindeer. This year things promise to be no better.

Constantly the drivers stop the trains, descend, and endeavour to chase the reindeer off the lines. But these calm-eyed and mildly-surprised creatures do not understand what is wanted of them and only move farther along to block the permanent way. Naturally, most accidents happen in the night.

These ill-timed hindrances to the journey of a train do not add to the regularity of the traffic, and there is also the trouble that the reindeer are of great value and usually belong to someone, so that indemnities are demanded. In Sweden last year the State Railways had to pay a total sum of over 40,000 Swedish crowns for reindeer that had been killed on their lines. See World Map

## GREAT SHAKESPEARE LIBRARY

### A Fine Home For It

Shakespeare's pedestal grows ever higher in America.

As we have already announced, Mr Henry Clay Folger, who died last year, left a wonderful Shakespeare library to the United States. The white marble building which is to house it in Washington is now reaching completion and will become the centre in America for Shakespearean study. It is being built through funds bequeathed by Mr Folger, who also provided generously for its support in the future.

No fewer than 79 First Folios are in the collection. This is an amazing number to be collected by one man considering that less than 200, out of an edition probably of 500 published in 1623, have survived. The famous Burdett-Coutts First Folio, which fetched £8600 at Sotheby's nine years ago, is in the collection. With one exception every known variation of each of the four Folios will be on view in the Folger building.

But we must cheer up. American money has not made us part with all our treasure yet; about thirty First Folios are safely housed in public libraries in our little island, where Shakespeare gained the inspiration that made his works immortal.

A copy of a First Folio facsimile for which Mr Folger gave six shillings was the starting-point of his library.

### THE GIPPSLAND GIANT

#### Worming Its Way

The Gippsland worm will turn.

It is no common worm and it is no common occasion. The Gippsland worm, if it takes the right turning, will be heard on the microphone. It is also to be filmed.

It is, to make no further mystery about the matter, a giant among earth-worms, often six feet long, and sometimes longer. It is credibly stated that this famous creature of the Bass River Valley may reach a length of three yards.

Only in Australia is it known, and, though familiar to all naturalists as Megascolides, no living specimen has come to Europe. Mr Charles Barrett, the naturalist, will visit its haunts to make a film record if possible of all the stages of its life history. As strange as its size and appearance are the curious sounds it makes when moving along in its earth burrows.

The sounds of these movements are to be recorded as other noises are, so that they may be reproduced.

It would be strange if, in return for that song of the nightingale in a Surrey copse which was relayed by wireless to Australia, Gippsland should send to England the rustlings of its worm.

### IN PRAISE OF A PORTER

He is an old man, and quite poor. It is evident that his worldly riches are few.

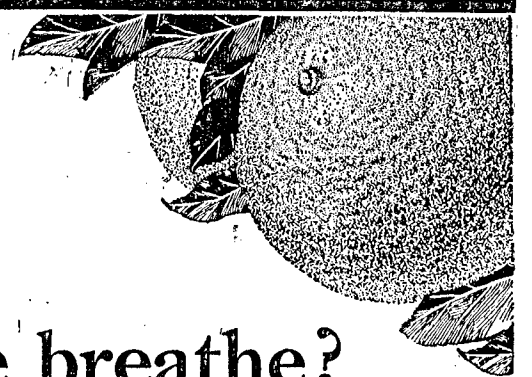
But his heart must be overflowing with them, for each evening he turns up at the Home near which he works with a little offering—a sandwich from his own small pack, and others contributed by his mates.

These sandwiches are more welcome than fine clothes or beautiful books, for they provide a supper for some homeless woman seeking shelter at Cecil House.

Mrs Cecil Chesterton, the founder of the Cecil Houses for Homeless Women, finds that, owing to unemployment and the fact that many London lodging-houses do not admit children, the number of mothers with young children who come to her Homes for shelter is increasing.

How glad of the good roof above us we are, and how humble we feel before the old porter!

# HOW does an orange breathe?



An orange breathes through its pores—those "pits" in its skin. You know how well you feel after a fortnight at the sea-side. Imagine, then, how "healthy" an orange is when it lives its whole life in sunshine!

No wonder "Golden Shred" is such jolly good marmalade. The goodness and the juice of ripe oranges is in every pot.

That is why your Daily Bread needs



# 'Golden Shred'

## ARTHUR MEE'S MONTHLY

The August issue of My Magazine is now on the bookstalls. This monthly companion of the C.N. is the only magazine of its kind in the world. It deals with the things that matter in a way that all can understand. Here are a few titles of articles in this issue on World Affairs, Travel, Science, and Social and Historical Subjects.

Peter and Mr Wiseman

A Talk About the Causes of World Depression

Europe's Great Little City

A Walk Round Brussels

The Fluid of Life

Something You Should Know About Blood Transfusion

The Town of Yesterday and Tomorrow

How Christianity Took Root in England

There are many other articles on these and other subjects; there are stories, poems, and puzzles; and there are pages and pages of pictures, many of them printed in photo-gravure and in colours. Ask for

## MY MAGAZINE

August issue now on sale

1s



# THE BIG FIVE

## CHAPTER 31

Izard

SILLY of Dumph to scald himself in that fashion; but wasn't that just like him? as Gosling reminded them. So without any further ado they turned off the gas, fished the vests out, and transported them to the wringers.

It was while the rest were engaged in this lengthier process of transforming the shrunken vests to their unwashed appearance that Trytton, taking a prow round the place by himself, saw something on the ground beneath one of the slotted shelves. It was quite a small object and right back against the wall, so that he would never have noticed it if the sun, slanting through a window, had not just touched it and caused it to glitter. His curiosity pricked, he stooped and recovered it. The sun had played upon a tiny silver plate let into a rusty horn-handled penknife.

Whose was it? What was it doing there? He looked at the plate and deciphered the name of Oxcroft engraved on it. Why, that was the name of the wild chap in Bancroft who had brought the Mixed One down such a purler in their old footer match. His knife must have slipped in, somehow, among his soiled clothes, then dropped through one of the slots in the shelf while they were sorting the clothes, and been lying there for ages, as likely as not.

"Hi, Trytton, you slackster!"

They were calling him to come and give them a hand, so he put the knife down on the shelf and hurried across to them.

And very soon there was nothing more to be done save to rumple the vests and make them look ready for the wash again. Gosling was getting back into his coat, Dumph sucking his scalded fingers, Hammond removing any and every trace of their visit, while Bonner and Pickles first used each vest as a floorcloth, then jumped upon it, and rammed it into its basket.

"And see you don't leave our vests at the top," Gosling told them. "Mix all the clothes well up. That's better!" he said, as they turned the baskets topsyturvy again, and, going down on all fours, well mingled the contents.

"That'll do! Now put 'em all back, and we'll trek."

They had slipped out, Gosling in front, and had locked the door after them when Trytton remembered that he had left Oxcroft's knife behind. He might as well go and fetch it to give it to Oxcroft.

"Half a minute! I've forgotten something!" he cried, and taking the key from Gosling, who said they must hurry, he darted inside again. When he came out they had hurried in so much earnest that already they were right out of sight round the corner, but he overtook them and came up in time to participate in their leader's congratulations.

"Something attempted, something done, has earned a night's repose," Gosling was murmuring, having recently made the acquaintance of Mr. Longfellow during a lesson in reading aloud.

"Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend," he continued to Dumph, whose acknowledgment took the singularly ungracious form of inquiring whether they'd have to carve half his hand off. "For they do," he insisted, "amputate sometimes for burns."

"Don't be peevish," replied Gosling. "You've suffered in a fine cause. And you know your hide's too tough to burn properly. The hippos and things in the Zoo would be glad of your hide, Dumph."

"Well, I'll swop with them," groaned Dumph, "next time I wash vests."

Gosling gave a great start.

"Shut up," he commanded. "You're never even to mention the word vest again, Dumph." He stopped and gathered them round him. "Look here," he said gravely, "you know how strictly we're forbidden to go to the laundry; if this gets out there'll be no end of a row. So it's understood, isn't it, that we stand by one another."

"Not a word!" they all answered.

"All right. That's a contract," said Gosling. "If anyone asks you how your old fingers got burned, Dumph, you'd better say you upset your tea on them." Then he glanced at Trytton uneasily.

"You'll keep it dark, Trytton?"

"I've said so already," laughed Trytton. "Yes, I know. Sorry, old man. But you and I had a dust-up once—"

Gosling broke off.

"Sorry," he repeated, "of course we can trust you."

Then Hammond expressed some concern regarding the key. "I'll have to get rid of it pretty quick!" he averred.

Serial Story by  
Gunby Hadath

Gosling said, "Trytton's got it. Pass it to Dumph, Trytton. He'll manage it. Dumph, my lad, you take that key and moon along toward Calvin. When you get near the house make sure that nobody's looking and then drop the key quietly on their gravel and wander away. If one of the laundrymaids dropped it that's just where she would drop it, because they always pass that way to their quarters."

Hammond's eyes were wide in admiration.

"What a chap you are, Gos!" he exclaimed. "You think of everything."

"Of course I do," Gosling conceded. "I'm a born general. And don't forget," he went on with some condescension, "that when I first came we had old O in the day-room. And a man who couldn't learn any wrinkles from Oldridge would have been much denser than I am, very much denser. Old O was the lad to teach you your way about."

Hammond nodded.

"Oh, I see," he said, "where you get it from!"

"Get what?"

"Your artfulness, Gos."

"Yes, I'm no fool," beamed Gosling.

Then they separated, to turn up presently at roll-call. Gosling's eyes were fixed all the time on the chest of the prefect on duty.

"Next Monday, Wand," Gosling was thinking, "you won't be chucking your chest out like that. You'll be wriggling about and wondering why your vest chokes you and—"

"Gosling!"

"Ad—sum!" boomed Gosling.

As they came away from roll, Trytton heard his name called again. He turned, to find Izard contemplating him curiously.

Izard's tremendous nose looked larger than ever, and once again stamped upon Trytton that positive impression of a strength of will which would override every obstruction and hesitate at nothing to get its own way. And when Izard spoke Trytton started again with the shock that such a soft voice could go with such a strong nose.

"I want you," said Izard. "You had better come along to my study."

So Trytton followed him and, when they were there, Izard closed the door and gave him another queer look. Then he said: "You can sit down if you like, Trytton," jerking his thumb toward one of the two little chairs.

When Trytton sat he settled himself in the saddleback.

"Now, Trytton," he said, "what were you doing this afternoon in the laundry?"

Trytton's heart gave a great jump. Could Izard have spotted him when he came darting out after running back for the penknife? He remembered that the others had passed round the corner then, so if Izard had spotted him had he spotted him only?

"In the laundry?" he repeated, to gain time to think.

"Yes, and don't deny it, because I happened to see you with my own eyes. At least, you looked as if you'd just left the laundry, though I can't say I saw you actually coming through its door. But you had just come out from it, hadn't you?"

"Yes," Trytton answered.

"H'm! You've no right in the laundry."

This didn't sound as if Izard had seen the others. Trytton preserved a discreet silence.

"I ought to report you. If it had been anyone else I shouldn't hesitate. But you're only in your second term, and—er—I am hesitating," the smooth, silky voice continued even more softly. "Your brother and I were rather good friends," it went on, "though I don't know whether I ought to spare you on that account. Tell me this: Does Mark ever talk about me?"

"No. He hardly ever mentions Sandhill at all."

Trytton was sure of it. As this answer was given a flash of relief had passed across Izard's face. Trytton was certain this was so.

## CHAPTER 32

Cronshaw

IZARD ROSE. "All right, you can go," he breathed; just like a cat purring or like a dove cooing, thought Trytton. With such a nose too! How could his voice fit with that? "But don't do it again, and thank your stars no one else saw you."

As Trytton was rising their eyes met. Then he went out.

So Gosling and the others were safe. But all that didn't worry him. His mind was no

longer on them. His mind was on Izard. Why should Izard look relieved that his friend never spoke of him? And how did Izard's cooing, purring tones match with his savage treatment of Gosling by the old stables? That matched his nose, though. It matched his great cruel nose.

Was the silky voice Izard or was the strong nose Izard? Or did they both fall into their place in a dark personality? You might expect a traitor to speak in a smooth voice; and had he not read that ruthlessness went with such noses.

Thus thinking hard he made his way into tea, where he decided not to tell Gosling or the others that Izard had seen him, though he might later on, he thought, confide it to Pickles. But he didn't see any sense in disturbing the rest of them.

His thoughts accompanied him afterwards into prep, and up to bed, and they roused him in the morning before getting-up bell. They kept dingling the old conjectures into his mind, and asking him how he would set about finding the traitor?

The worst of it was he couldn't give any answer.

But wasn't there a proverb about Will and Way. He had the will. And therefore the way could be forced. Forced. Or he'd never believe in proverbs again. "Though I don't know that I do much," he mused rather bleakly.

In this mood he had wandered to a classroom which had been converted into a makeshift library, where people in the House could come and get books, and write their name down for them if no one was there. Finding no one there now he was inspecting the shelves when the door opened and another person slipped in, whose eyebrows went up a little when he saw Trytton.

It was Cronshaw. He closed the door and crossed to the shelves; then stood looking at Trytton with a miserable smile.

Trytton noticed how lean he was, his long, scraggy neck, and how hard and sharp his jaw was set under the flesh. It appeared the harder because Cronshaw kept his mouth pursed, which gave him the air of one always deliberating something.

Trytton wished he wouldn't stand and smile at him that way. He felt something vaguely disturbing behind that queer smile.

So Trytton turned round again and looked hard at the books, and Cronshaw stood looking at him, and pursing his lips. Then: "Trytton?" he said.

"Yes," said Trytton.

"Now you're out of your first term you can fag a study if you like. I wonder if you'd care to fag mine, young Trytton?"

Trytton stared.

"Well? What are you staring at?" As Cronshaw asked this he uttered a short, hard laugh.

"What are you staring at?"

But Trytton stared more. For when Cronshaw laughed his jaw looked just like a shark's.

Fag this shark-person's study! What should he say?

"Please, why have you asked me?" he answered, finding his voice.

Cronshaw jerked a book from the shelves and glanced at its pages.

"It's a cushy job," he said, without looking up. "If you fag a study you're exempted from general fagging. That's rather an advantage now and then."

"Yes, I see that," said Trytton.

And also he saw something else: that Cronshaw hadn't answered his question.

"Well, would you like to, young Trytton?"

"I don't know," he murmured.

"What's your hesitation?"

Trytton flushed faintly. His impulse had been to decline straight out. But on the heels of that impulse had come a further reflection: would it help his purpose at all to fag Cronshaw's study?

Second thoughts might be best. But if he accepted he'd be going there as much as a spy as a fag. He glanced at Cronshaw again, at the lean, hard face and tight mouth, and wondered. Should he say Yes, and go as a spy? If this was the traitor he deserved to be spied on. Traitors could only be detected by spying.

Where there's a Will there's a Way; the proverb rushed back at him. Was this the way, suddenly opening right at his feet?

Still he hesitated.

"Well?"

"May I tell you next week, Cronshaw?"

"Yes, that will be time enough."

Trytton plunged his face at the shelves; it burned with his thoughts so. And Cronshaw moved too. He tucked his book under his arm and stepped to the door, where he turned with his hand on the knob and looked back an instant, his pursed lips parting with that inscrutable smile.

TO BE CONTINUED

## JACKO MAKES THE BEST OF IT

WHEN Mother Jacko sat down one morning to finish the curtains she was making she found she had not enough rings to sew on to the tapes.

She sent Jacko off to buy some.

sent you to whichever floor you wanted to go. Jacko wanted to go nowhere where his legs wouldn't have taken him, but he never could resist the sight of a lift. And there he was!



They were all so sorry for him

"Don't be long, dear," she called after him, "for I'm almost ready to use them."

Jacko ran off, and his Mother got on with her needlework.

The minutes ticked by, and presently she looked up.

"He's a long time," she murmured. "I wonder what's keeping him."

She wouldn't have said it so calmly if she could have seen him, for Master Jacko had got himself into a pretty fix. At that very moment he was caged up in the small lift at the draper's!

The lift—for some reason best known to itself, or, perhaps, to Jacko!—had stuck fast and refused to move up or down. Neither would the door open, however hard Jacko pushed or pulled it.

It was the kind of lift that you worked yourself; a touch of a button

He began to yell at the top of his voice. And of course everyone in the building rushed to his rescue.

"Where's the electrician?" they cried, getting very excited.

But the electrician couldn't be found.

Meantime Jacko was getting a lot of sympathy. "Poor dear!" cried an old lady. "Don't be afraid; they'll soon get you out."

Jacko wasn't in the least afraid; on the contrary, he was beginning to enjoy himself, for they were all so sorry for him that they couldn't do enough to show it. One lady even pushed her pet dog through the bars "to keep him company," she said.

He was quite sorry when the electrician at last arrived and got him out.

He forgot all about the curtain rings, which made Mother Jacko very angry.



**"Good! It's Mason's! and Teetotal Too!"**



Kindly fill up and post this coupon NOW for a

**TRIAL SAMPLE**  
OF

**MASON'S**  
Extract of Herbs  
and make ONE GALLON  
**PRIME NON-ALCOHOLIC BEER**  
A DELIGHTFUL BEVERAGE.

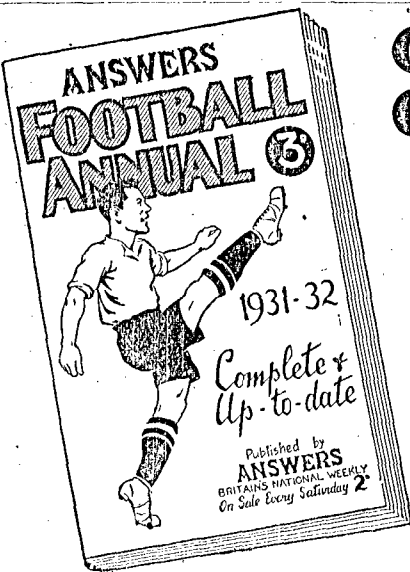
**COUPON**

NEWBALL & MASON, LTD., NOTTINGHAM.—Please send sufficient Mason's Extract of Herbs and Yeast for making one gallon of Prime Beer. 4d. enclosed for postage, etc. Address of nearest retailer will be sent with each Sample.

Name and Address .....

In Block Letters. ....

Children's Newspaper



**GET YOUR COPY NOW!**

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You must have the ANSWERS FOOTBALL ANNUAL (now on sale). It is packed with facts and figures indispensable to the "Soccer Fan." All the English League and International Fixtures, Cup Tie dates, and details about new players are given clearly and concisely. This handy book is so arranged that you can fill in the results of your team's matches throughout the season.

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Country Holidays, Left-off Clothing, Boots of all descriptions, Hospital and Surgical Aid Letters, Food or Money for poor children, are urgently needed to help the "poor" passing through our hands. Any gift will be gratefully received by

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President—WALTER SCOLES, Esq.

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**Young People** love Sardines and they are good for them too. Those they choose are the real sardines—the

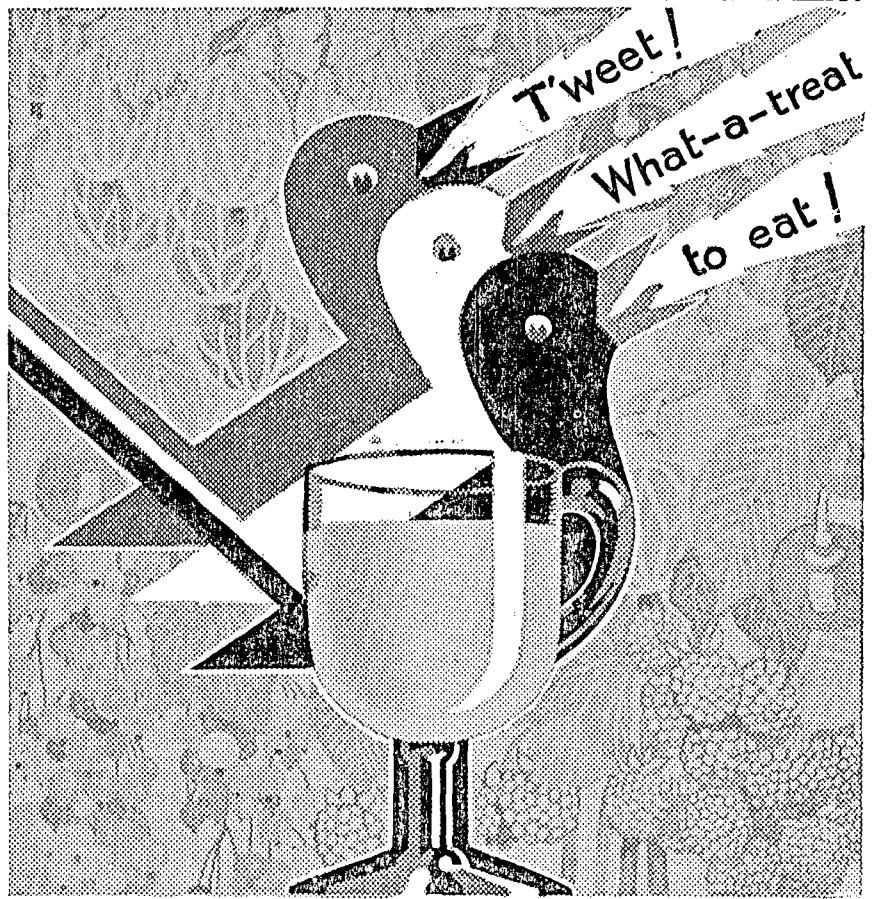
**MARIE ELISABETH SARDINES**

They can always be had at the Grocers, whether one is at home or at some far remote holiday resort.

**GOOD?** Well, there are more of them sold than of any other. That should be convincing.

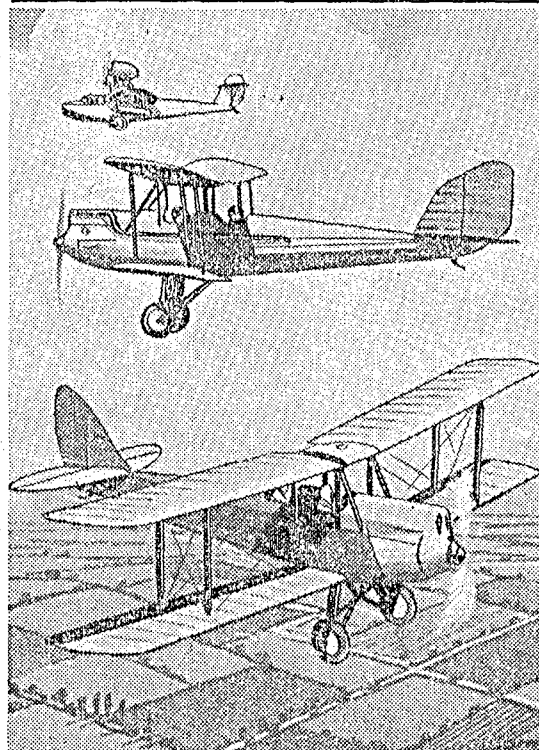
**CUT THIS OUT**

CHILDREN'S PEN COUPON. VALUE 3d. Send 5 of these coupons with only 2/9 (and 2d. stamp) direct to the FLEET PEN CO., 119, Fleet St., E.C.4. By return you will receive a handsome Lever Self-Filling FLEET S.F. PEN with Solid Gold Nib (Fine, Medium or Broad), equal to those sold at 10/6. Fleet price 4/-, or with 5 coupons only 2/9. Do Luxe Model, 2/- extra.



**BIRD'S is best and best with Fruit.**

*BIRD'S is the only Custard that tastes as good as it looks!*



**"Speedmen of the SKIES."**

BY

Flying-Officer  
**W. E. JOHNS**

The fellow who lost himself so completely that he flew the reverse way of the course!

Racing over a 980-miles course, British airmen, flying British planes, will strain their machines to the limit on Saturday next, July 25th, endeavouring to win a cup presented by his Majesty the King. Flying-Officer W. E. Johns tells you all about this great Air Race in a splendidly-illustrated article in this week's issue of MODERN BOY. There are many more grand features in this number; so make sure of your copy.

**MODERN BOY**

Buy Your Copy Today 2d.



The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

July 25, 1931

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

## THE BRAN TUB

### A Holiday Problem

JACK met a friend who had just returned from a holiday. "How long were you away?" he asked. "And was it an expensive hotel at which you stayed?" "Well," replied the friend, "it cost me each day as many shillings as the number of days I was away, and one shilling a day besides. The hotel bill came to just ten guineas, so perhaps you can work out how long I stayed there?"

Answer next week

### A Puzzle in a Puzzle



FIND the names of the objects shown in these pictures and then, by taking two consecutive letters from each word, spell the name of a kind of puzzle.

Answer next week

### The Ancients Were Modern

**Libraries.** Though the ancient libraries had parchment rolls instead of books they resembled modern ones in many ways. At Timagad, in Roman Africa, was a delightful public library which was the gift of a benevolent citizen, and it was furnished as one might be today, with tables and comfortable chairs where the reader could sit at ease to consult the work he had borrowed.

### Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for 12 towns. The four weeks up to June 27, 1931, are compared with the corresponding weeks last year.

TOWN	BIRTHS 1931	BIRTHS 1930	DEATHS 1931	DEATHS 1930
London	5921	5899	3155	3117
Glasgow	1866	1859	978	966
Liverpool	1623	1507	689	740
Dublin	891	894	450	388
Belfast	809	764	383	335
Edinburgh	585	520	386	482
Coventry	202	231	119	111
Grimsby	150	139	84	72
Huddersfield	132	119	86	98
Oxford	113	105	49	52
Gloucester	72	73	41	38
Aberdare	58	50	40	45

## TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

NANCY had a bad cold, and Mummie decided she had better stay in bed for a day or two to get rid of it.

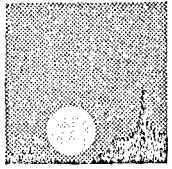
Nancy hated bed, but she made the best of it, and amused herself in various ways to make the time pass quickly. One way was listening to the noises about the house and guessing what they were and who made them.

She woke early, and heard Elsie, the maid-of-all-work, stirring about in the kitchen and putting a jug with a saucer on the top outside the back door for the milk. Then the milkman came, and soon after he had left a crash of breaking crockery reached Nancy's ears.

"Elsie must have broken the saucer in picking up the

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Saturn is in the South-West. In the evening Mars is in the North-West and Saturn is in the South. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 10.30 p.m. on Wednesday, July 29.



### How to Make a Friend Cross

PLACE three pennies on the table and ask a friend if he can make a cross with them. When he has tried and given it up, just pick up the coins and draw an imaginary cross on the table with them.

### Lammas Shoots of Oaks

A CURIOUS habit of the oak is to put forth a lot of new growth in the middle of the summer. This is called the Lammas shooting of the oak, although it usually happens about the middle of July and Lammas Day is on August 1. The name is derived from an Old English word meaning Loaf Mass.

The new shoots are a very bright green, but often they take on a reddish colour. When this happens it almost looks as if the oak had burst into flower.

### A Good Wish

MY first means provisions; my second yields drink; My whole's a good wish, as I'm sure you will think. Answer next week

### Finding the Way

WHEN we are out for summer rambles it sometimes happens, unless we have a very good sense of direction, that we lose our way. Tree trunks form a rough guide to the compass points, for the part which is greenest and most mossy is the part which faces North. This is because it gets less warmth and sun than the rest of the tree.

### Ici On Parle Français



Une usine Le lutin Le fagot Cette usine emploie cent ouvriers. Le lutin aime à jouer des tours. On a posé ce fagot contre le mur.

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

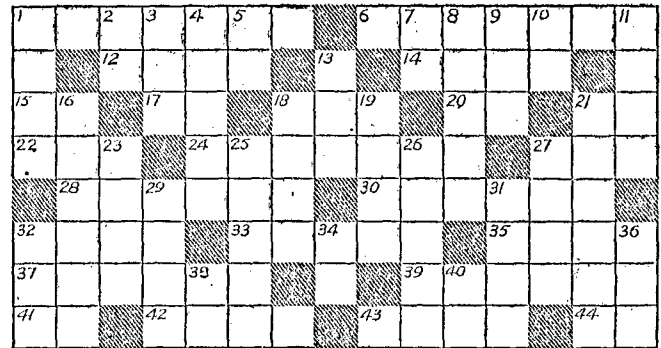
Sharing the Apple. Two What Ocean Am I? Atlantic Arithmetical Two (live two)nty Mystery

### A Picture-Spelling Puzzle

The pictures, from left to right, show rain, arm, ark, light, owl, eel, oil, ash, ill, one, ink, end, angle, ear, at, ice, ray, ace, rail.

### The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 49 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by an asterisk among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



**Reading Across.** 1. A small dried grape. 6. Roundish stones. 12. Father's sister. 14. Unfettered. 15. Virginia.\* 17. In the direction of. 18. A mythological bird. 20. That is.\* 21. Note in the scale. 22. To go astray. 24. Eldest son of a king of France. 27. Instead of. 28. Forces back. 30. Standards of perfection. 32. A dell. 33. A rare African mammal. 35. A flat-bottomed vessel. 37. Behind a ship. 39. Willows. 41. Mount.\* 42. Tall, broad-leaved grasses. 43. So be it. 44. Said.\*  
**Reading Down.** 1. A rocky shelter. 2. Royal Academician.\* 3. The track of a wheel. 4. Opposed to cathode. 5. New Testament.\* 7. Preposition. 8. Salt water. 9. An industrious insect. 10. French for the. 11. A pole. 13. A spinner. 16. Legal apprehension. 18. Piece of bread rebaked. 19. Piece broken from stone. 21. Not the winners. 23. A tear. 25. Unaccompanied. 26. Language of a people. 27. To run away. 29. To peep out. 31. Related. 32. A barrier. 34. Adjacent. 36. Money.\* 38. Royal Engineers.\* 40. Compass point.

## Dr MERRYMAN

### Sour Grapes

TOM: Why is Bill so unpopular these days?  
Dick: Oh, he won a popularity contest.

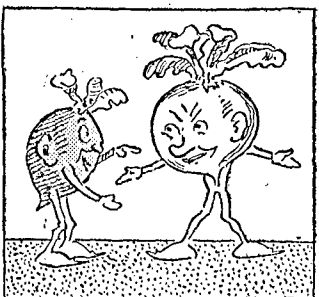
### Expensive

SMALL Joan was admiring the furniture in the home of a wealthy uncle. "I am glad we are not rich, Daddie," she said. "Why, dear?" asked her parent. "Because it must be so expensive!" was the reply.

### Concentration

THE professor was busy among his books. "Have you seen this?" said his wife, coming into the study. "There's a report in the paper of your death. 'Is that so?'" remarked the professor without looking up. "We must remember to send a wreath."

### Comrades



"SHAKE hands," the Turnip cried, "and let's Strike up a friendship true." "Right!" said his chum. "Be true to me, And I'll be true to you!"

### No Good

Two Negroes were indulging in a little argument. "Why, Sambo," said Pete, "you—you remind me of one o' dem flyin' machines!" "What you mean, big boy?" asked Pete. "Ah mean dat you ain't no good on earth."

### A Missing Aspirate

HIS name was Hawkins and he was displaying some old silver plate which he had recently acquired. "This," he said in an airy manner, "is the old Hawkins family plate." "Is that so?" queried his friend, who was looking closely at one piece. "But what is this letter A faintly engraved on this?" "A letter A—why, of course, the original Hawkinses were Cockneys you know!"

## WHISKERS AND TAILS

bad as having a mouse's tail in it," she added.

"A mouse's tail?" asked Nancy.

"Yes, a mouse's tail. A friend once told me she saw a mouse sitting on the rim of a jug and dipping its tail into the milk, which it could reach in no other way. As the milk collected on its tail it licked it off, and then put the tail back into the jug for more."

"How I should love to have seen it!" cried Nancy.

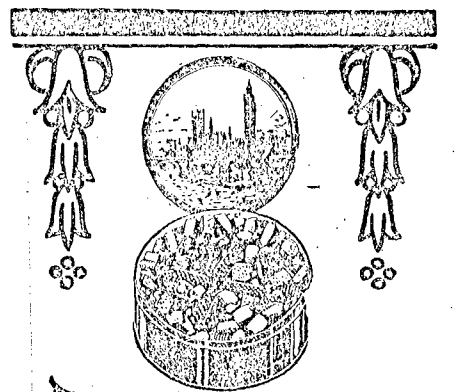
"But would you have liked to drink the milk it had dipped its tail in?" asked Mummie, laughing, as she went off to her breakfast. "Here comes your bread-and-milk, but I can assure you it is not made with the milk Pussy dipped his whiskers in."

jug," Nancy said to herself. "One was broken yesterday, but Elsie said she knew nothing about it."



She heard a crash

Just then Mummie came in to see how the cold was and to have a little chat before she went down to her breakfast. "Did you hear that crash?" she asked.



## Ask Mummy to buy KREEMY PIECES

Then you are sure of a real treat, for Sharp's Kreemy Toffee Pieces are so pure and wholesome, so lovely in flavour and such a lot for the money. Mummy will certainly buy you some if you ask her very nicely, because if she has tasted it she likes it herself.

## SHARP'S KREEMY TOFFEE PIECES



## RESULT of the Grape-Nuts June Snapshot Competition

HERE is another list of lucky camera winners. An All-distance Folding Ensign has been sent to each of the following.

Miss M. Quesnel, "Pierre Perce," Prince Albert Rd., Guernsey; Jean Elliott, 6, Fairmount, North Park Rd., Bradford; Ivor Down, Broad Oak Cottage, Wambrook, nr. Chard, Somerset; Molly Morton, 97, Windermere Avenue, Church End, Finchley, N.3; Jean Radford, 105, Duncombe Road, Bengoe, Hertford; Rowland May, 38, Cranleigh Dr., Leigh-on-Sea, Essex; Leslie Sharpe, 4, New Villas, Warsop, Notts; Mansfield, Notts; Edwin Webber, 5, Leigh Villas, Chalmers, N. Devon; John Steward, 30, Kirby Street, Ipswich; John Ernest Newport, "Abinger Cottage," 15, Smoke Lane, Reigate, Surrey; Diana Clarke, 137, Melfort Rd., Thornton Heath, Surrey; Fred Myers, 9, Cook Street, Whiston, nr. Prescot; Betty H. Layzell, "Cedar Lodge," Keymer Road, Burgess Hill, Sussex; Margaret Fawcett, 71, Airthrie Rd., Goodmayes, Essex; Joyce Slack, "Fernhurst," Brunswick Rd., Rotherham, Yorks; Kathleen Driscoll, "Hazeldene," Chelmsley Lane, Marston Green, Birmingham; Tom Maguire, 8, Clement St., Lower Broughton, City of Salford; Philip Cheeswright, 62a, Haverstock Hill, London, N.W.3; Gordon Blackshield, 39, Faraday Road, Ipswich; Moyna Dabne June Tilley, 84, George Lane, Lewisham, S.E.13; T. A. Dickson, Milltown House, Dungannon, Co. Tyrone, N. Ireland; Leslie G. Johnson, 9, Eastbank Rd., Hempton Hill, Middlesex; Lyn Wright, 16, Gwerthorw Rd., Pengam, via Cardiff; Mollie Cornell, Station Rd., Lyminge, Folkestone, Kent; Ann Turner, Box 2, Estantia, Transvaal, South Africa

If you entered and didn't win—try again. Remember—there are still two more competitions. One closing on Friday, July 31st, and another closing on September 30th. If you haven't entered yet—don't miss the two remaining chances. You will find full particulars in your "Children's Newspaper" dated July 18th. Or send a postcard to the Grape-Nuts Company, Ltd., 38, Upper Ground Street, London, S.E.1.

## Grape-Nuts

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